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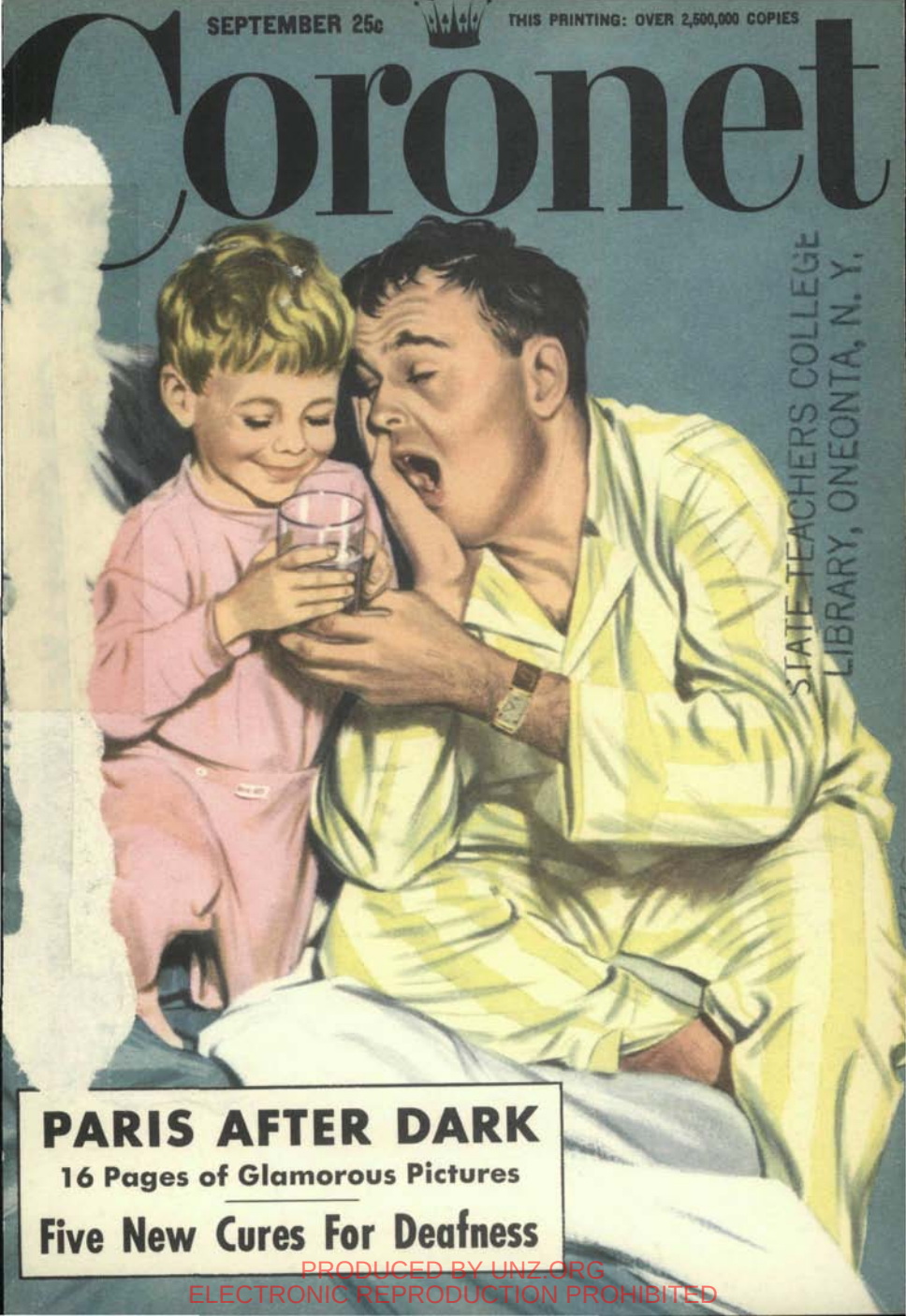

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PARIS AFTER DARK

16 Pages of Glamorous Pictures

Five New Cures For Deafness

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For two or 22... Serve Nescafé!

Nescafé* is the *easiest* way to prepare good coffee. Whether guests number two or 22—for each cup, put a teaspoon of Nescafé (more or less to suit the taste) into your server . . . add boiling water, stir . . . and pour. There isn't a nicer, quicker way to serve good coffee!

If you like good coffee

you'll love *Nescafé*

***Nescafé (pronounced NES-CAFAY)**
is the exclusive registered trade-mark of The Nestlé Company, Inc. to designate its soluble coffee product which is composed of equal parts of pure soluble coffee and added pure carbohydrates (dextrins, maltose and dextrose) added solely to protect the flavor.

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How we retired with $250 a month

HERE we are, living in California. We've a little house just a few minutes from the beach. For, you see, I've retired with a check for $250 a month as long as we live.

But if it *weren't* for that $250, we'd still be living in Forest Hills, and I'd still be working. Strangely, it's thanks to something that happened, quite accidentally, in 1926. It was August 17, my fortieth birthday.

To celebrate, Peg and I were going to a show. While she dressed, I leafed through a magazine. Somehow my eyes rested on an ad. It said, "You don't have to be rich to retire."

We'd certainly never be rich. We spent money as fast as it came in. And here I was forty already. Half my working years were gone. Someday I might not be able to work so hard. What then?

This ad told of a way that a man of 40 could get a guaranteed income of $250 a month starting at 60. It was called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. The ad offered more information. *No harm in looking into it,* I said. When Peg came down, I was tearing a corner off the page. I mailed it on our way to the theatre.

Twenty years slide by fast. The crash . . . the depression . . . the war. I couldn't foresee them. But my Phoenix Mutual Plan was one thing I was always glad about!

1946 came . . . I got my first Phoenix Mutual check—and *retired.* We sold the house and drove west. We're living a new kind of life out here—with $250 a month that will keep coming as long as we live.

Send for Free Booklet. This story is typical. Assuming you qualify at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of $10 to $250 a month or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail, a free booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women—and for employee pension programs. Don't delay. Don't put it off. Send for your copy now.

1851 1951

100th ANNIVERSARY YEAR

PHOENIX MUTUAL

Retirement Income Plan

GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE

PLAN FOR MEN | PLAN FOR WOMEN

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co.
861 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, the booklet checked below, describing retirement income plans.

Plan for Men ☐ Plan for Women ☐

Name_____

Date of Birth_____

Business Address_____

_____

Home Address_____

Copyright 1951, By Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company

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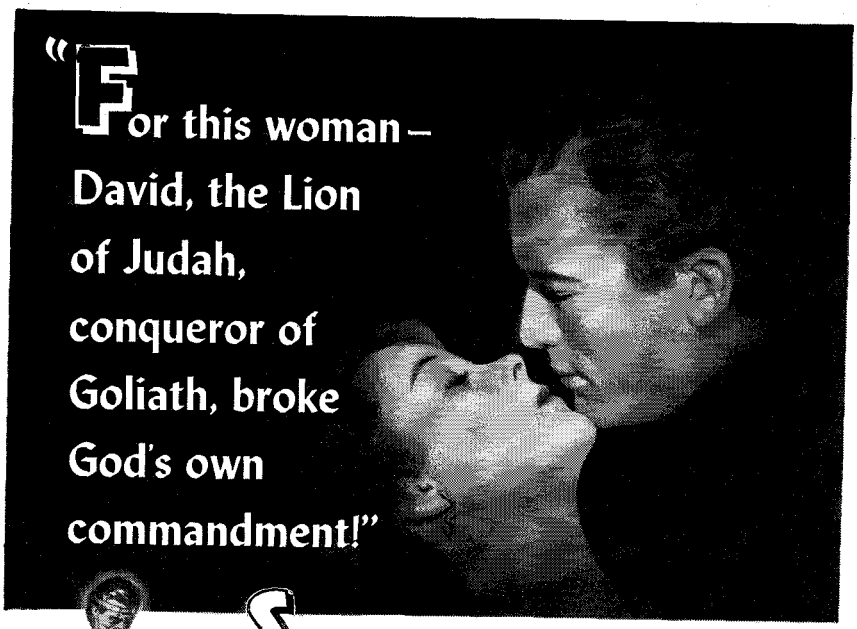
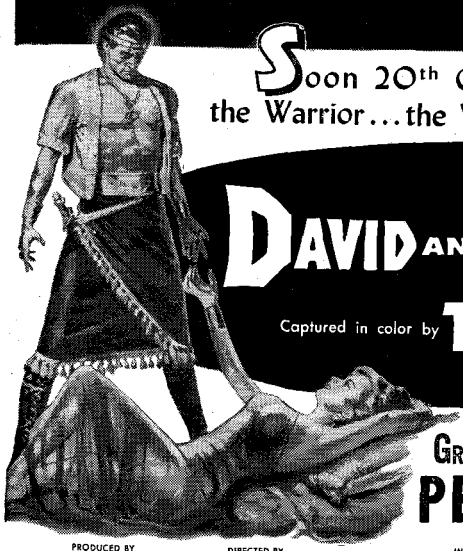
"For this woman—David, the Lion of Judah, conqueror of Goliath, broke God's own commandment!"



Soon 20th Century-Fox presents the Warrior...the Woman...the World of

DAVID AND BATHSHEBA

Captured in color by TECHNICOLOR



STARRING

GREGORY PECK · SUSAN HAYWARD

with RAYMOND MASSEY · KIERON MOORE

and a cast of many thousands

PRODUCED BY DARRYL F. ZANUCK · DIRECTED BY HENRY KING

Written for the Screen by PHILIP DUNNE

FREE! COLOR BROCHURE WHICH TELLS THE FASCINATING STORY BEHIND **DAVID AND BATHSHEBA!** WRITE TO 'DAVID AND BATHSHEBA!', P.O. Box 292, DEPT. CO, CHURCH STREET STATION, NEW YORK CITY

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Coronet *Recommends . . .*

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE

AS A PLAY, Tennessee Williams' vivid story about near-primitive love and hate in New Orleans' French Quarter won a Pulitzer Prize and the New York Drama Critics Award. Filmed by Warner Brothers, it bids fair to run off with 1951's Academy Awards. With Vivien Leigh as the deranged Blanche, and with Marlon Brando and Kim Hunter in their original stage roles, this is a film that probes to the heart of human relations.

THE TALL TARGET

WHEN ABRAHAM LINCOLN was en route to Washington to take the Presidential oath, he mysteriously changed trains at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and loosed a flood of speculation about dire plots of assassination. From the fabric of this historical anecdote, M-G-M has woven a suspense-laden tale of intrigue. Dick Powell plays the part of a detective who gets aboard the Presidential train and staves off murder and national catastrophe.

THE BLUE VEIL

THIS IS the poignantly told story of a woman's dedication. The death of her own child imbues Louise Mason (*Jane Wyman*) with a selfless desire to bring love to the children of others and, as governess in many families, she devotes herself with a totality that leaves no room for personal life. Her reward at the climax of this moving R-K-O-Radio picture is one to warm the heart of every mother, and perhaps bring a tear or two.

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The finest picture in TV's toughest reception spots

When interference or distance stands in the way, you get pictures like this.

With this great G-E receiver you can look to wonderful pictures like this.

G-E overpowers interference... overrides distance too!

BLACK-DAYLITE TELEVISION

Case histories—not only from TV's farthest "outposts," but in big cities flooded with local interference—testify to G-E's *standout* picture under severest reception conditions. Comparisons prove that Model 17C109 delivers the kind of unexcelled performance you want. Look at G-E—believe your own eyes.

General Electric Co., Syracuse, N.Y.

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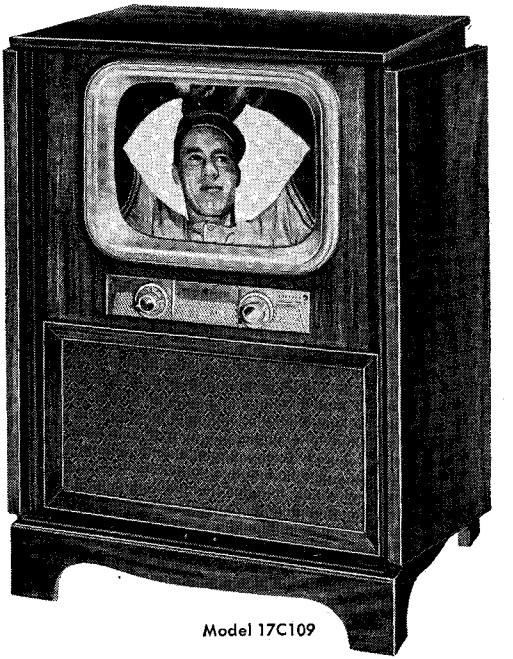

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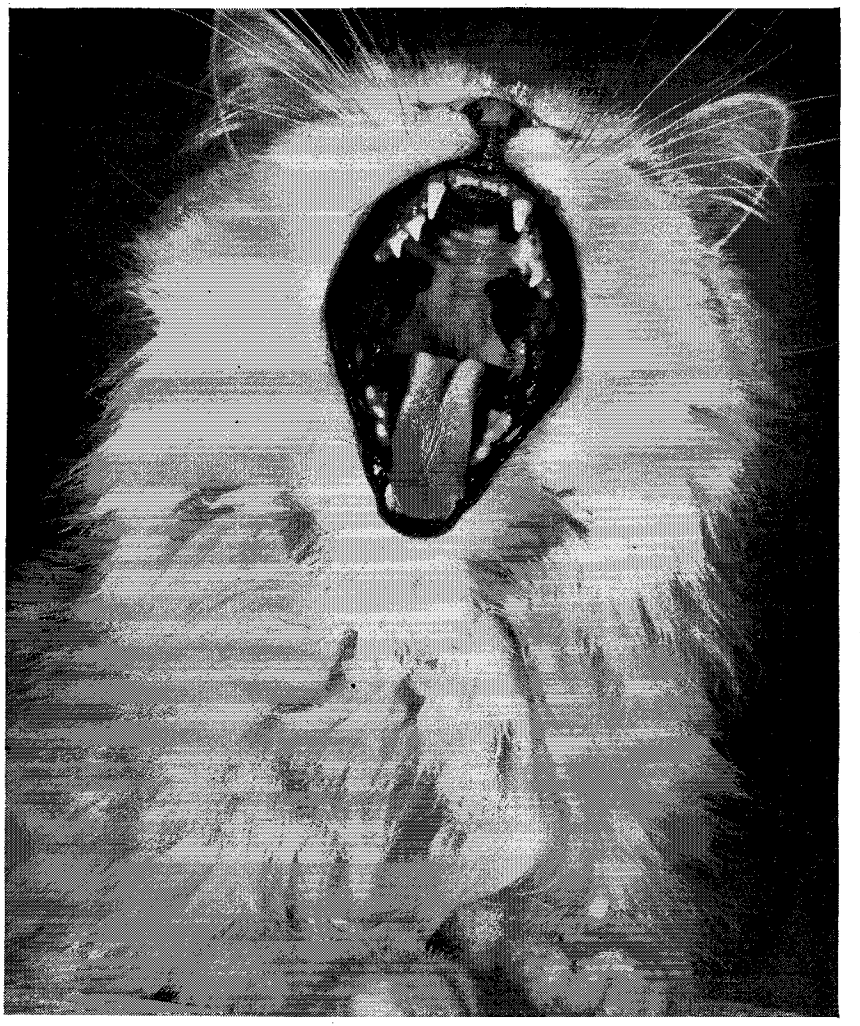

Idle Spectator

FOR CENTURIES, the cat has shared Man's fireside, enduring, unmoved, unimpressed. Having witnessed the history of his fruits and frustrations, his miracles and maelstroms, she alone has remained calm and content. Her wisdom is in understanding that fulfillment lives on a pendulum. Full of tolerance, she views Man's activities with a matriarch's patience—and yawns.

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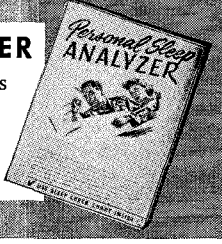
Spring Air

DESIGNED TO *Fit You!*

There's no finer sleep comfort . . . no better dollar value than Spring-Air. It's the same fine mattress that's used in more than 1000 fine hotels, over 2000 good hospitals and in about 2 million homes. Sold by over 7 thousand dealers.

Write FOR FREE SLEEP ANALYZER

A helpful guide to aid you in selecting just the right mattress for your own weight and build... even for people of unequal weight who sleep in the same bed. It assures proper contour softness... proper weight support. See your dealer, or write Spring-Air Co., Dept. 924, Holland, Mich.



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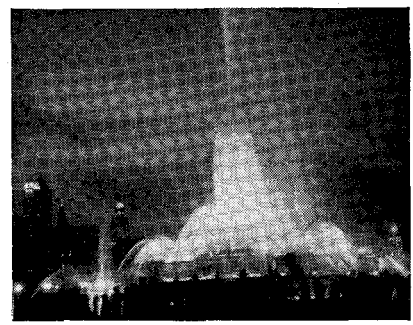
Going away in September?

Mexico: The New and Old Worlds mingle with enchanting confusion in the land across the border. Just a few air hours from the colonial gem of Puebla are the Mayan ruins near Palenque and the swank resorts at Acapulco. Elsewhere, fruit-laden burros travel the highways into modern cities that sprout from the ancient plateaus.



Illinois: Starting from Chicago's Buckingham Fountain, the September visitor may follow the Prairie State's highways to a number of unique food festivals. The Pancake Festival in Villa Grove, the Prime Beef Festival at Monmouth, and Sauerkraut Day in Forreston appear to transform the Illinois welcome mat into a rich dining table.

New Jersey: America's loveliest ladies vie for national honors this month at two of New Jersey's top resorts. The "Miss America" pageant at Atlantic City during Labor Day week and the "Mrs. America" contest the following week at Asbury Park give both towns a gay holiday air and bring the summer tourist season to a colorful close.

Austria: This land of music becomes a vast ballroom for the autumn traveler. The songs of Austria are everywhere. They echo from the Tyrol mountaintops and float across the lakes to Graz, and the melodies of Strauss still live in the Vienna Woods. At the Igls Festival, the old and merry music of the nation brightens colorful folk dancing.

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"We're not eloping till you're smart enough to get American Express Travelers Cheques."

No "man of the world" would dream of taking a trip without American Express Travelers Cheques! They're the most widely accepted cheques in the world — as spendable as cash in more than one million places. And if they're lost or stolen, you get a quick refund. They're so simple to use: just sign them when you buy them and again when you spend them!

Insist on American Express Travelers Cheques at BANKS, Railway Express and Western Union offices. Only 75¢ per $100.

CONVENIENT AS CASH—100% SAFE

AMERICAN EXPRESS

TRAVELERS CHEQUES

EXPRESS YOUR PREFERENCE FOR THE BEST!

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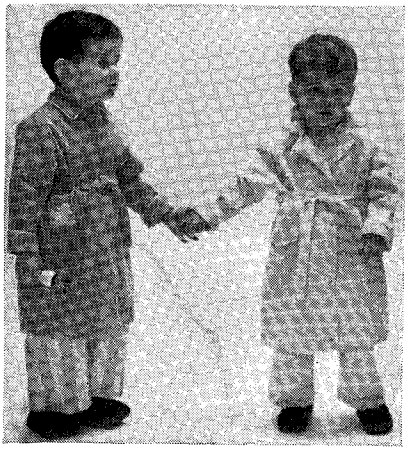
Printed corduroy is news in shirts.

This glamorous suit is corduroy, too.

Rugged But *Regal*



Cozy, washable corduroy is for boys.

REMEMBER WHEN corduroy was the work horse of fabrics, durable but unexciting? Look at these new fashions and see how times have changed. The man's rugged checked shirt can be tucked in or worn over other shirts as a windbreaker.

Even Paris would be proud of the suit which uses soft, luxurious widewale corduroy for the fitted and flared jacket, pinwale for the slim skirt. It comes in such high-fashion colors as mauve, gold, rust, and charcoal.

Children's bathrobes are made in candy colors of pink, blue, maize, red, and green, and, although cuddly, they give sturdy wear. And in spite of corduroy's dress-up transformation, it has kept its everyday price.

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want your hair to glow, like this?...

dollar quality giant jar 69¢

The shampoo that promises soft, radiant loveliness—or your money back. Why pay a dollar? Guaranteed by Helene Curtis—foremost name in hair beauty.

Helene Curtis
CREME SHAMPOO

large size tube, 49¢

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Have You Seen It?

THIS MONTH'S NEW PRODUCTS

A MAN'S SUIT made of a new synthetic fiber recently appeared in a fashion show after having been worn twice in a swimming pool, used 67 days, and washed in a washing machine. Although the suit had not been pressed in all that time, it looked neat and fresh and wrinkle-free. A small amount of clothing, including slacks and women's blouses, is being made from this fiber. Full production is expected soon.

ARE YOU DREADING the thought of getting up on cold mornings and struggling to start your car? A new automatic engine warmer will end the wheezes and whirrings, and keep the motor ready to go no matter what temperature the thermometer registers. Once the warmer is connected to the engine head, you turn the knob on the dashboard switch, put the car in neutral, and the device is set. What it does is automatically start the car for short periods of time, keeping the motor warm. Normally, no more gas is burned than would be used to start the car on a cold morning and, since the warmer won't work unless the car is in neutral, auto thieves are foiled.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE who has trouble tucking pillows into a neat roll when she makes the bed, there's a fiberboard cylinder with one flat side. The pillows can be slipped neatly inside the cylinder, and the flat part keeps the whole thing from rolling. When the bedspread is in place, any bed looks like it belongs in a luxury hotel.

CHEMICALLY-TREATED paper sheets, individually sealed in a plastic bag, are always wet and ready for cleaning windshield and polishing mirrors. They're so compact that 20 take up almost no space in the glove compartment, and they eliminate the need for messy rags and water.

HAVE YOU EVER turned off the cellar light, then tripped on the step in the dark? A new delayed-action toggle switch, which can be installed with only a screwdriver, ends that and many other home hazards. The switch ignores the "off" signal until you've had time to get 75 feet away—from porch to car, from basement to hallway. Only then does the light go out.

ALTHOUGH IT LOOKS like a stylish mushroom, a new inflatable rain hat has a very practical purpose. Deflated, it fits into a purse or pocket-sized bag. Blown up, the rim provides a wide, rain-catching surface which eliminates the need for an umbrella. The hat ties under the chin, is good-looking enough to wear in public, and gives the inveterate gardener or golfer protection from unexpected drizzles.

A POWER-DRIVEN wheelbarrow makes things easy for the gardener, home builder, or farmer. The air-cooled, lightweight engine will pull a full load up a 40-per-cent grade, and ride at an easy pace on level ground. Going downhill, compression acts as a brake to keep the wheelbarrow from moving too quickly.

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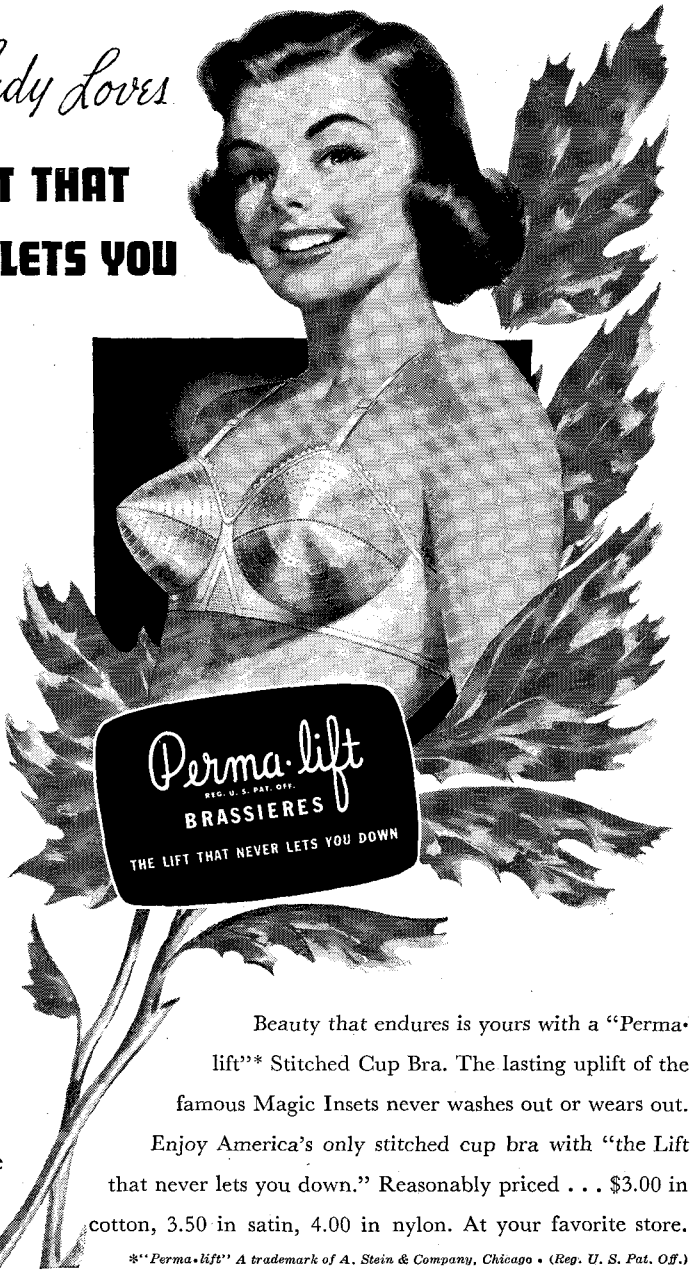
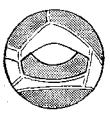
The Lady Loves

THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN





Look for the Magic Inset

Beauty that endures is yours with a "Perma·lift"* Stitched Cup Bra. The lasting uplift of the famous Magic Insets never washes out or wears out. Enjoy America's only stitched cup bra with "the Lift that never lets you down." Reasonably priced . . . $3.00 in cotton, 3.50 in satin, 4.00 in nylon. At your favorite store.

*"Perma·lift" A trademark of A. Stein & Company, Chicago • (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

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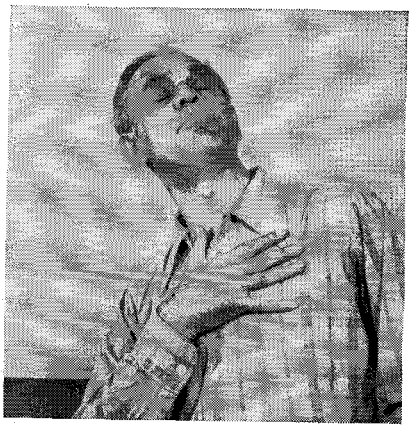
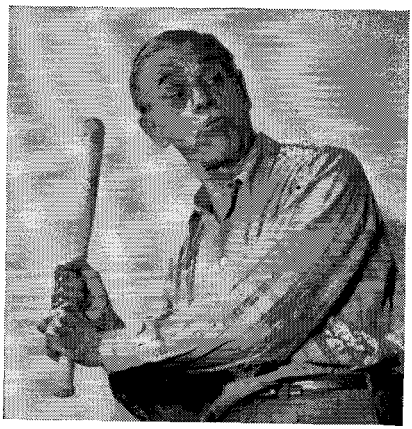
Karloff at the Bat

EVER SINCE DeWolf Hopper panicked vaudeville audiences with *Casey at the Bat*, everyone from sixth-graders to dramatic actresses have had a try at it. But when the great ghoul of stage and screen, Boris Karloff, tells the classic story of the day that the Mudville nine trailed by 4 to 2 and the crowd prayed for Casey to "get a whack," it takes on a new and wonderful flavor.



Then from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell . . . for Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat . . .



. . . the leather sphere came hurtling through the air. "That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one!" the umpire said.

With a smile of Christian charity, great Casey's visage shone. He signaled to the pitcher; he bade the game go on . . .

And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go. And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

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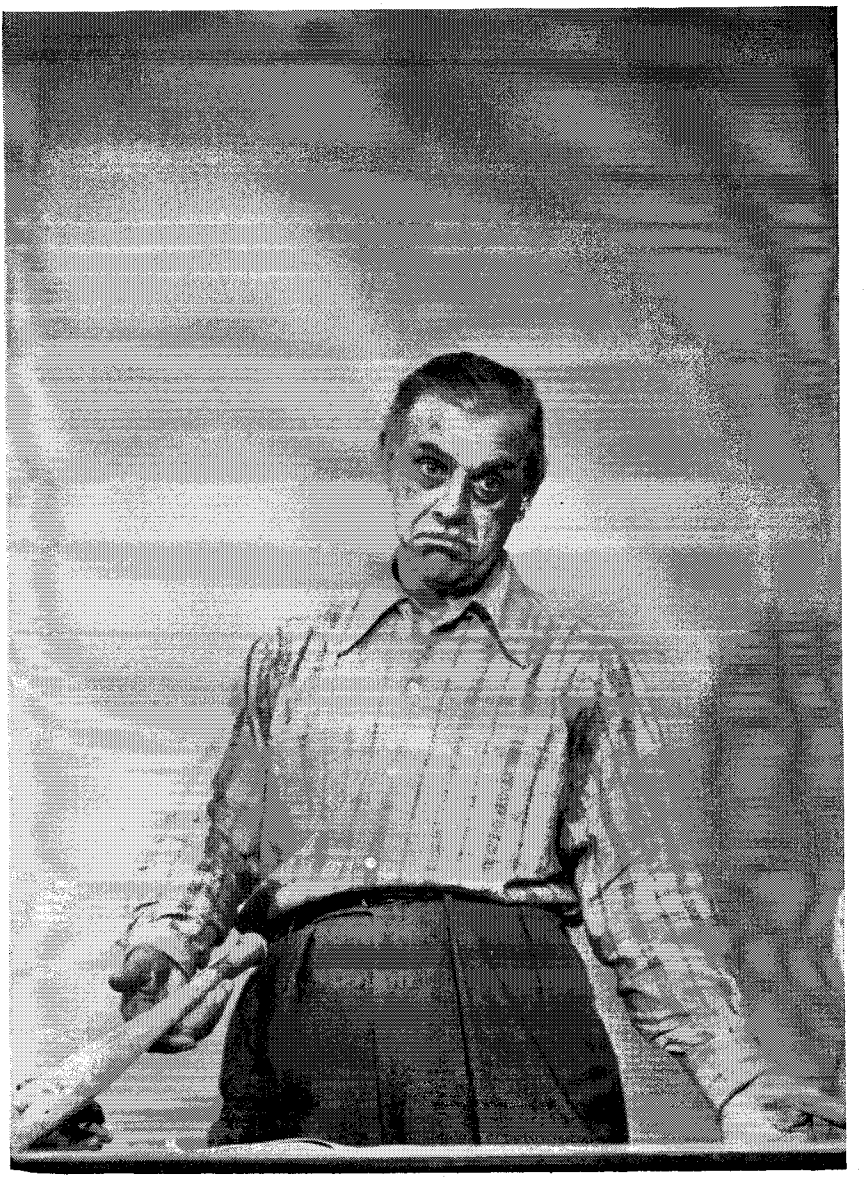

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright.
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light;
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout.
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out.

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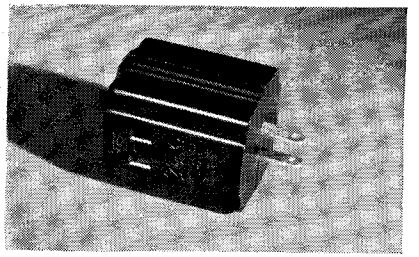
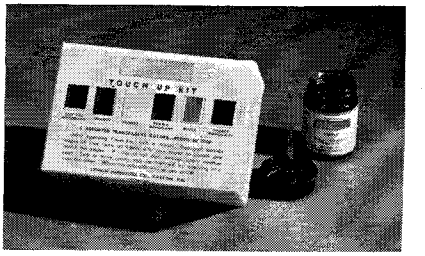
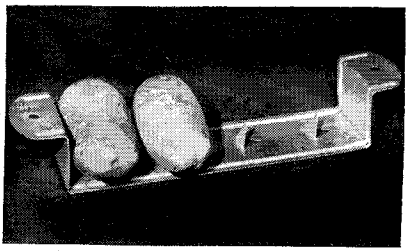
Coronet's Family Shopper



WHEN THE SLIDE or movie-projector light goes on, the room lamp goes off —and vice versa—if the plugs are attached to this ingenious device. $6.95*. Willoughby's, 110 W. 32nd, NYC 1.

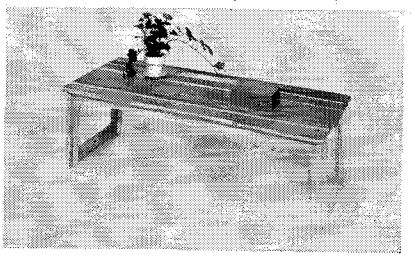


THIS FAST-DRYING liquid covers scratches and nicks on furniture. In six transparent colors, from deep-red mahogany to blonde. Set of 6, $3.60; 2, $1.20. Lehigh Furn. Co., Easton, Pa.



NO MORE burnt fingers hunting for baked potatoes if this rack is used. Spear four on the prongs, and they won't split or roll away. $1. Sunset Sales, 1001 North Vermont, Hollywood 27, Calif.

COMPRESSED TALC with a smooth-on mitt comes in a masculine skin-tone which doesn't show. Gives a "just-shaved-look" to a stubbled face. $1.56*. Bloomingdale's, Lex. Ave. at 59th, NYC 22.



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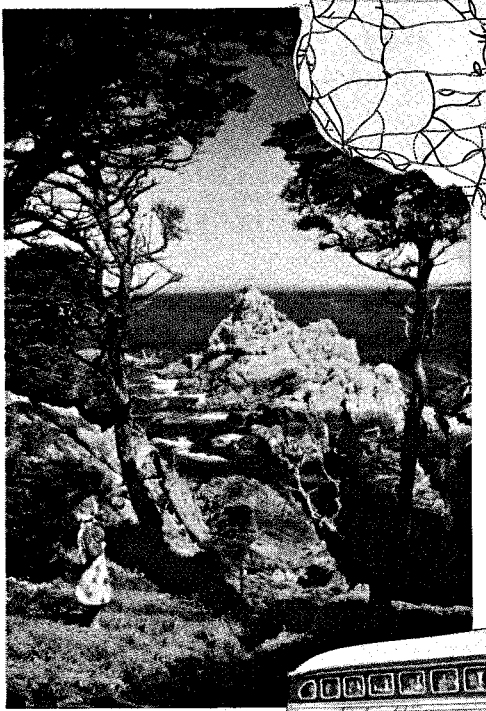

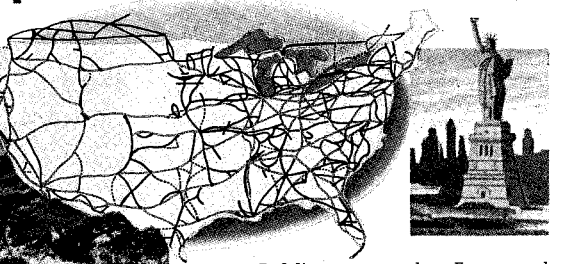

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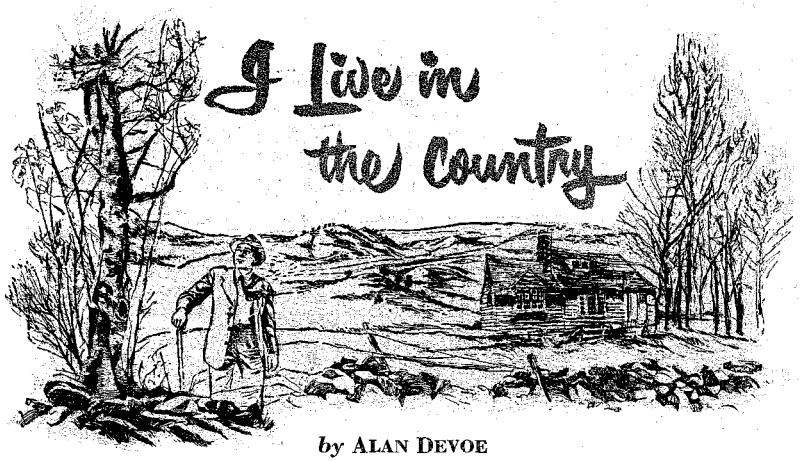
Vol. 30, No. 5 September, 1951

The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading



by ALAN DEVOE

IT IS QUITE CLEAR that most of my city friends feel sorry for me. The reason is that I live in the country. While they pity, they also wonder, and this reveals itself in certain perpetual questions.

What on earth do I find to *do* in the country? What is there to *see*? How do I fill my *time*?

They feel sorry for me because I have no radio or television, and because 11 miles separate me from the post office. They speak with sympathy of how very "dull" my life must be, and marvel that I am content to "stagnate" here.

I receive these commiserations with scorn. For I extract from this life of "isolation," as my friends term it, a deep and endless delight.

The house in which I live is very ancient and somewhat askew; but from this ancientness and crookedness I derive continuous solace. Here in this tiny dining room the china dogs on top of the old pine corner-cupboard have watched three generations at their feeding; in the great spool-bed upstairs have occurred both births and deaths.

There clings in these low-ceilinged rooms—with their faded flowered wallpaper, their horsehair sofas, and wideboarded uneven floors—an aura of the stalwart tranquillity, the hard-toiling patience, of that succession of homely Dutchmen who were our predecessors. Near the middle of the last century, one of these Hollenbecks (for such was the name of the sturdy family which tenanted this homestead) deserted the plow for a life of seafaring. When he was an old man, and had voyaged to every quarter of the globe, he came back to this

From *Phudd Hill*, by Alan Devoe. Published by Creative Age-Farrar, Straus and Young, Inc., 53 E. 34th St., New York 16, N.Y.

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house to eke out a living by mending stone walls.

So much for the house. It is like that tattered sampler in the hayloft of our barn which reads, "*Sweet Rest in Heaven*," and like the crooked path that untold thousands of footsteps have worn through the clover field to our well—a link with the simple, earthly lives of those good souls who are vanished.

In every direction, as I look from my windows, are the green wooded hills, untenanted by living man. They lie—these curved and molded masses of rugged earth—brooding in an ageless silence, baking their hummocked backs in the hot summer sun, shouldering the cold white weight of countless snows, existing eternal while the oaks and firs upon their slopes wither and die, and are born and live again through the passage of seasons.

My friends who speak of "loneliness" and "isolation" take no heed of the deep companionship of trees and rocks. Yet it is easy to discover, in lichen-covered boulders and in the cool smooth trunks of maples or the rough, fragrant trunks of firs, an essence of being with which it is very easy for a man to commune.

These high hemlocks are my fellows upon earth; together we face the elements, together struggle for sustenance, together are set upon by plagues and pestilences, together will return, when we die, to the eternal embracing earth of this planet. And it is possible for me to walk upon the black leaf mold in which these hemlocks have their roots and to draw from that contact a profound tranquillity of spirit.

This relaxed contentment is a far better antidote for turmoil and vexation than my city friends can possibly receive in the diversions afforded them by the movies, the theater, the radio or television—of which they deplore my lack.

THIS COUNTRY LIFE of mine, far from being barren of things to do and see, is crowded from daybreak until nightfall. My personal routine of eating, working, sleeping, and performing chores is sufficiently simple. But the details of the lives that surround mine and demand my attention—the lives of chipmunks and phoebes and woodchucks and of the very buttercups that grow profusely in our pasture—are so vastly absorbing as to require all my hours. It is inconceivable that I could possibly be "bored," even if I had nothing more to occupy me than the contemplation of the meadow upon which I look out as I write this.

It is a broad meadow, with an apple orchard in one corner and a little brook, and just now the amber slanting sunlight of late afternoon lies across it, making brighter red the knee-high clover. It is never the same for two consecutive minutes, this meadow. Now there is a robin probing for earthworms; now there comes a riffle of wind to sway the tall grass; now the high shoulder of one of the near-by hills eclipses the last ray of evening sun, and the green of the meadow grass deepens and grows cool.

In such a rural district as that in which I live, neurosis is impossible. That sickly "turning inward" which makes wretches of city victims has no opportunity to enter here. All man's thought and energy and time are taken here, as they were in the

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beginning, in a constant coping with the problems presented by the earth and the elements. And living thus in daily contemplation of the vast swing and surge of the eternal cosmic machinery, man's minor woes assume an utter insignificance.

To those who inquire what I find to do in the country, it seems always to come as a startling bit of intelligence that I pass long hours every day in walking. The country now is the only place in which it is still feasible to practice this venerable means of locomotion, and the walking which I do is solely for the joyousness of doing it—of placing one foot before the other upon the surface of our earth.

With the aid of my two legs I can clamber up mountains and learn the feel of them, and I can scrabble in the beds of streams and look upon the most infinitesimal particle of silt. And in the process of walking, there is worked a certain magic: out of the clasp of my fingers around the rough wood of my walking stick, out of the brushing of low leaves against my forehead, out of the warmth of the sun on my hair, there is woven a spell that banishes all my small human worries.

Night has fallen on the writing of these lines. Where earlier was a broad meadow, glowing with color, there is now only a void of warm and fragrant darkness, undisturbed by any sound save the clump-thump of two Jersey cows invisibly pasturing. From far away on the other side of the meadow, beyond the brook and beyond the line of ancient willows, I can hear the reedy trilling of tree toads. And very close at hand—perhaps in the purple lilac just outside my window—a cricket chirps at intervals.

I am sure my city friends would think it very lonely here tonight . . .

Candid Comment

Television actresses don't mind paying a lot for their low-cut gowns when they feel they have something to show for their money! —GARRY MOORE

A clergyman, upon hearing that liberalism was creeping into the churches, remarked: "If that is true, I hope it strikes the contribution box." —*Sunshine Magazine*

If, in instructing a child, you are vexed with it for want of adroitness, try, if you have never tried before, to write with your left hand, and then remember that a child is all left hand. —J. F. BOYSE (*Tales of Hoffman*)

Once upon a time, and not more than that, a grown son demanded the keys to a garage and came out with the lawn mower. —*Wall Street Journal*

Sometimes it's the balcony usher, not the censor, who keeps the torrid love scenes out of the movies. —BOB HAWK

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The Secret Life of Laurence Hope

by TED MALONE

Strange but true is the story of the General's Lady who wrote *India's Love Lyrics*

IT'S A FUNNY THING, but whenever anybody asks anybody else, "How are you today?" the answer is almost invariably, "Oh, fine—just fine." No matter whether you are miserable or happy, you usually say, "Oh, I'm fine—just fine." I wonder what would happen if we always said how we really felt. Maybe it is just as well that we don't. It might complicate things.

For instance, here is the story of a woman who lived, on the surface, a dull, conventional life. She went to parties and took care of her household and sat quietly opposite her strict, conventional husband at breakfast. She went shopping and sewed and took an interest in her garden, and when people asked, "How are you?" she always said, "Oh, fine—just fine." And all the time, though nobody knew it, she was secretly living through a romantic adventure so strange and wild and tragic that it sounds too exaggerated to be true.

Already you know something about this woman, because even if you don't happen to remember a poet by the name of Laurence Hope, I am sure you have heard Laurence Hope's *Kashmiri Song:*

> Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar
> Where are you now? Who lies beneath your spell?

What you may not know is that Laurence Hope was not a man at all, but a woman named Adela Nicolson, wife of a British army officer, General Nicolson. Adela's best friends didn't know she was Laurence Hope. In fact, not even her husband knew.

It all happened back in the days of prim, proper Queen Victoria, and as you would assume from the title of the Hope book of poetry,

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India's Love Lyrics, it happened in India. When Nicolson was sent to take command of the military forces in Madras, he took his pretty young bride with him.

There wasn't much for Adela to do at the fort; her quarters were a palace, and there were dozens of servants. But there were official dinner parties, solemn affairs, and sometimes magnificent entertainments at a rajah's court. She had to attend all these functions with her stern, soldierly husband, but pretty young Adela found the native streets and bazaars a thousand times more interesting.

The brassware makers hammering at their pots; the stalls of the jewel cutters; the food shops with their strange, pungent wares; the women with jars of water balanced on their heads; the shrill cries of the camel drivers; and the camels themselves, queer humped beasts with necklaces of sky-blue beads and ropes of tinkling little bells; the music of lutes and flutes; the sinuous dances.

India was the most romantic place in the world—a perfect setting for romance. Adela's husband was a brilliant soldier and a distinguished man, but he was not romantic.

And so it was almost inevitable that when Adela met somebody who was romantic, things began to happen. Nobody is sure what his name was, but there is no doubt that he was a prince, the son of India's most powerful rajah. She met him at one of those lavish royal receptions, and they fell in love. It was impossible, but it happened. She was the correct English bride of the colonial commander, and he was an Indian prince. They were deeply in love, but there was nothing they could do about it but meet in secret and suffer in silence.

The Prince disguised himself as a commoner, and Adela put on the robes of a Hindu dancing girl and slipped away to meet him. They drifted under the stars in a little boat on a lake beside a temple, and he gave her a bracelet of turquoise set curiously in gold. They both knew that their stolen hours together could bring nothing but disaster, yet their love made them reckless. If anybody knew—if her husband found out—the scandal would shake the British Empire.

So that is why, when people asked Adela Nicolson, "How are you?" instead of saying, "I'm filled with happiness . . . and heartbroken . . . and frightened," she always said, "Oh, I'm fine—just fine." That is what people always say.

The well-bred young Englishwoman, who had never written anything but polite social notes in her life, secretly wrote out her love in poem after poem—burning lines that held all her happiness and sorrow and fear. At first she wrote only to relieve her own heart, but eventually she realized that the verses she was writing were real poetry; and then she did a daring thing.

Secretly she sent them to a publisher, using the name Laurence Hope. When the little volume appeared, it created a literary sensation, but no one guessed that Laurence Hope was Adela Nicolson. And when people asked young Mrs. Nicolson if she had read *India's Love Lyrics*, she said quietly, "Yes, I've read them. . . ."

Months passed, and at last came

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the moment she had dreaded; her Prince told her he could never meet her again by the lotus-bordered lake. His strict father had discovered their secret, and unless they parted forever, the Brahman priests would shave the Prince's head, dress him in sackcloth and ashes, and send him to live for a year like a wild man in the forest.

Meanwhile, Adela went to official dinners and garden parties, and people asked her, "How are you?" and she said, "I'm fine—just fine, thank you."

Two or three years passed, and then, in 1904, when Adela was just 39, her husband, the stern, upright, inflexible General, found out. Perhaps he discovered poems in her handwriting and put two and two together; perhaps some servant let drop a hint. At any rate, Nicolson discovered his wife's secret—and at the worst possible time; he was seriously ill with malaria. The shock of discovery broke his heart. In a few weeks he was dead.

In India, it used to be the custom for a wife to commit suicide on the funeral pyre of her husband, but Adela Nicolson could not do that. The General was buried with honors in the English cemetery, and when people called to inquire about his widow, she said formally, "I'm as well as could be expected under the circumstances . . ."

But one October night, with her thoughts and fears pressing so close around her that she could not think any more, she took a small green vial from a cupboard and went down the stifling moonlit streets to the grave in the churchyard. Nobody knows what torment she went through, what memories flickered in her mind. The only clue to Adela Nicolson's despair, to the terrible anguish and remorse that drove her to her death, lies in the poetry of Laurence Hope.

Hazards of Cake Baking

LIGHT OVEN; get out bowl, spoons, and ingredients. Grease pan, crack nuts. Remove 18 blocks and seven toy autos from kitchen table.

Measure two cups of flour; remove Johnny's hands from flour; wash flour off him.

Put flour, baking powder, and salt in sifter. Get dustpan and brush up pieces of bowl that Johnny knocked on floor. Get another bowl. Answer doorbell.

Return to kitchen. Remove Johnny's hands from bowl. Wash Johnny. Get out egg. Answer phone. Return. Take out greased pan. Remove ¼ inch salt from pan. Look for Johnny.

Return to kitchen and find Johnny; remove his hands from bowl; wash shortening, etc., off him. Take up greased pan and find ¼ inch layer of nutshells in it. Head for Johnny, who flees, knocking bowl off table.

Wash kitchen floor. Wash table. Wash walls. Wash dishes. Call up baker. Lie down.

—OTSEGO COUNTY *Home Bureau News*

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Tales Out of School

A DISGUSTED PARENT wrote a note of complaint to the teacher, and wound it up with: "If all Herbert learns in school is to swear, I'll keep him home and teach him myself!" —*The Furrow*

WHILE SHOWING ME the mark he'd received on his homework, my little son also showed me a classmate's homework which had a higher mark. "Well, Junior," I said, "what's the idea of showing me that?"

Junior replied, "Now you can see what his dad does for him!"

WHILE WALKING with a neighbor's small son one morning, I asked him why he was walking so slowly. "I'm going to school," he replied. —NEW YORK *Daily News*

A TEACHER once asked a small boy in her class if he understood the phrase "rapid enunciation." With the candor of the young, the boy replied: "Yes'm, it's the way folks say their prayers on cold nights." —*The Liguorian*

A TEACHER'S report on one of her pupils read: "Johnny is trying—very." —NANCY LEONARD

LAUNCHING INTO the spelling lesson, substitute teacher Esther Smith asked the third-grade class, "Wouldn't your teacher be pleased if you all got 100 on the test Friday?"

To her surprise, one small boy spoke up. "I don't know whether she'd be so pleased."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the puzzled Mrs. Smith.

Explained the little boy, "Well, you see, she promised the whole class a treat if we got 100."

—ELEANOR CLARAGE

"I'M IN A TOUGH SPOT!" the small boy told his mother sadly. "The teacher says I must write more legibly—and if I do she'll find out I can't spell."

—*Tennessee Products News*

AT OXFORD, an American Rhodes scholar submitted his first essay—dated "10-29-50." The next day the paper was returned with a penciled note:

"Which '50, young man? This institution has been established almost 800 years." —*Pathfinder*

IT WAS DURING a class in civics, and the high-school students were a bit bored.

"Do you, Kenneth," inquired the teacher, "realize what a seventy-billion-dollar budget means to our country?"

"Well," replied the sophomore, "in our house, Dad says it means no television set this year." —*Christian Science Monitor*

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DON'T BLAME WOMEN FOR EVERYTHING!

by CATHLEEN SCHURR

Here is a ringing challenge from the distaff side in the endless battle of the sexes

A COUPLE OF thousand years ago, people used to amuse themselves by throwing other people to lions. It was great sport as long as you didn't run out of people, or lions. But after a while lions got scarce, and so did the victims who weren't fussy about getting eaten.

Other forms of recreation had to be invented, but unfortunately, none of these provided the fine, emotional fun that the lion project had. Then one day some sour old philosopher came up with the Blame-The-Women (or Women-Are-Dumber-Than-Anybody) game. This proved an immediate success, especially with the men, who were the only ones who counted in those days.

This sport has come down to us through the ages, riding a crest of perpetual popularity, which occasionally, as today, reaches tidal-wave proportions. Currently it's called she-baiting and it's a much better game than watching a lot of old lions eat people. For one thing, it's a lot cheaper. Also, you don't need to hire a hall, you never run out of victims, and nobody gets hurt, except the women—and who cares about *them?*

She-baiting is what people do when they are fed up with themselves, their families, the state of the world, and everything else. Are our children too fat, too thin, too precocious, too retarded, too quiet, too noisy? It's some woman's fault. Are our men too undersized, oversexed, nonsexed, aggressive, retiring, remote, familiar, tender, brutal? It's due to a woman.

Is America going to hell in a handbasket? It's because of the women who, after making all that fuss about getting the vote, haven't cleaned up the country in 30 years. Is the world going to pot? It's because the women fail to discipline Mao Tze-tung, Joseph Stalin, and the United Nations. Our food, our homes, our fun, our prayers, our dreams, our love life, our poetry, and our finance—whatever it is, it's wrong because of women.

From coast to coast, it has become chic and fashionable to castigate the female, whether you think of her as "Mom" or as a lissome figure in a Bikini bathing suit. The game is played largely by persons of the male sex, and is especially popular at men's smokers, luncheons, college reunions, and evenings at the bar. Under such circumstances, she-baiting is loud, venomous, and utterly irrational.

Under other circumstances, such as in the drawing room on Beacon Street or at family dinner in Great

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Falls, Montana, the baiting is more dignified, and is accompanied by much longer words. It is, however, equally loud, venomous, and utterly irrational. The real trouble with baiters, however, is this: they make so much noise declaiming that they obscure everything else. Therefore it becomes necessary, every once in a while, to underline a few facts, lest we become engulfed.

THE ANCIENT and basic worry of she-baiters is that the females are going to "take over"—that is, do the men out of a favored position or a job. Baiters worry constantly about us "wearing the pants," swiping their jobs, or playing a tolerable game of poker. They call these activities "unwomanly," but this is just a smoke screen to cover up basic insecurity.

So now, once and for all, stop fidgeting. It's your world, boys, and welcome to it!

Nobody wants your old pants. We've got some of our own and they look better on us than yours ever did. Nobody wants your jobs, either. We've got our own, and if some of them are in fields you wish we would get out of, relax—the wage-earning woman is here to stay.

Meanwhile, what are you griping about? You men manage our governments, our finance, our business, our universities, our schools, our industries, our churches, our welfare organizations, and our medicine. So women own 70 per cent of the nation's private wealth? And who *really* controls it? Men . . . Women, the dopes, abdicate in favor of husbands, banks, trusts, executors, business executives, and other assorted male operators.

Now, then, you say, why does woman relinquish this control? Because, and this is what the baiters keep forgetting, she's got something else on her mind. A vitally important thing, too, without which America and the whole world would stop, and industry, government, finance, and all the other male-built pyramids come crashing down to ruin. It's quite simple. Woman is busy producing offspring to populate your male world.

With all the shouting and hullabaloo against "modern" woman, the fact that the race has not died out has been totally overlooked. While men have been spending more and more time cooking up new weapons of destruction and obliteration—chemicals, biological warfare, A-bombs, H-bombs—modern woman has gone quietly about her creative business, producing and rearing to adulthood more, not fewer, children.

Now consider for a moment the classic male role in all this. The facts are that man's contribution, while essential, is really diminutive. Certainly ephemeral. For approximately nine months after conception, he must sit idly by while mother makes a baby. By the time it is born, all too often father feels so out of things that he leaves its entire care in the hands of mother, thereby giving the girl he loved and married a sure push into the Momism he hates.

For the rest of his life he flits about like a drone in a beehive, poking his nose first in this, then in that, in an effort to keep himself amused and occupied. Mother, meanwhile, like the queen bee, continues her creative role, quietly and

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securely, little heeding the buzzing of the drones about her.

Now, no one—especially a woman who has had a baby—would suggest for a moment that she could do it alone, or that men are entirely useless in this connection. Since time immemorial, it has been man's lot to protect his mate during the bearing and rearing of the young, and to forage for food.

But long ago, this foraging for food became the stealing of natural resources from other males. Warding off dangerous animals turned into killing his own kind for the sake of killing. This ravishing display of male superiority was called war, and it was an instant success, because at last it gave men something to do.

Because it is the most hideous invention ever developed, it became necessary to vindicate it. Thus, through the ages, military men and clever tacticians have actually referred to war as a game. The nature of this "game" is such that the idea of a "protective" war today is wildly ludicrous.

At the very time when their women and children need them most—as the bombs begin to fall—the men are off somewhere else, killing and maiming other men. In between wars, they stage parades extolling wars, and indulge in a great deal of whooping and cavorting about. They form secret societies and call themselves by strange names, and then have innumerable conventions in which the primary purpose is to see how much liquor can be consumed, how many women seduced, and how complete a reversion to adolescence can be accomplished in just a few days.

They make laws covering all kinds of asinine and worthless topics, and kick like steers when somebody tries to get an appropriation for midmorning milk for school children; they run political campaigns, based on phony issues, tub-thumping and baby-kissing all over the country; they worship bird-brained quarterbacks and wrestlers and shortstops, not to mention a whole battalion of sub-moronic radio comedians (at the same time sneering at their women because they listen to soap operas); they make endless noise and a great show of activity, all to cover up the fact that they have nothing basically worth while to do.

Now I know perfectly well that there are a lot of men—and thank goodness, their number is growing steadily—who consider such activity consummate foolishness. These men use their minds to build, not to destroy, and, because they are essentially creative, do not feel it necessary to run down their females. Unfortunately, they have trouble being heard above the noise of the she-baiters.

THERE IS, OF COURSE, no war between the sexes. Men merely like to pretend there is, in order to cover up their essentially foolish activities. In fact, the whole great Freudian concept of the female warped and twisted by jealousy of the male is a fiction obviously invented by men. Why on earth should we be envious? Of *what?*

By the same token, it is men, and a few sick women, who insist on measuring women not in their own terms but according to male or drone-like standards. This, of

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course, is utterly futile and time-consuming. Every child knows that men and women are fundamentally different and, as the sentient Frenchman said, "*Vive la différence!*" Measuring women by male criteria is like trying to find out what an apple tastes like by eating a pear. It can't be done.

Thus, despite the delusions of the baiters, women are not trying to *compete* with men; they are merely trying to stay alive in the same world with them. If they earn money outside the home, they do not do it to be like men. They work because they have to, either economically or psychologically.

The position of the contemporary male, however, is increasingly anomalous. As long as he continues to create wars and economic crises, there is really very little hope for him. When he has matured sufficiently to realize that the relationship between men and women is not of superior and inferior, but of equals who are fundamentally different, we may begin to emerge from the mess into which he has driven the world.

The day may come, in fact, when the males will wake up to the fact that they can take a much more active part in the really creative function of life, the rearing of their own kind. When they stop yapping about being tired when they get home from the office (the male work-week has been getting steadily shorter since the turn of the century, while the housewife's work-week remains the same, or, if anything, has grown longer) and really take a hand with the kids, things will improve all around.

Sonny will stop being fouled up in mama's apron strings, and little Mabel will be better prepared for a world consisting of not one but two sexes. Perhaps, when the drones really start to work on the problem, they may even come up with a lot of stuff about childbearing and rearing which will make a great deal more sense than what the girls have been dishing up for centuries.

Only when we stop this pigeonholing of the two sexes will we begin to catch up on lost time. For, as a very wise man said nearly 100 years ago: "Man is superior to woman, as man; and woman is superior to man, as woman; and both of them together are superior to either one of them separately."

Hot Stuff

ASKED WHAT he did for recreation if and when he got to town, one of those long, lean Texas cowboys reluctantly confessed, "I most always go dancin' if there is one."

"Why, nobody'd guess you knew how to dance," the questioner exclaimed in surprise.

"Heck, I can't dance a lick," the cowhand admitted, "but boy I sure like to hold 'em while *they* do!"

—O. J. BRAULT

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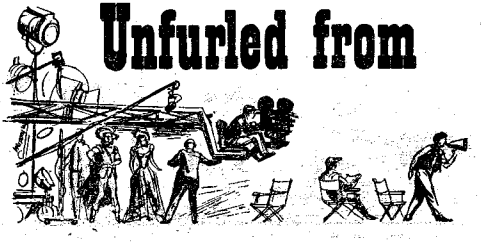

Concert Capers

At the first performance of an ultra-modern Ballet Méchanique, the orchestra contained ten grand pianos, six xylophones, a fire-alarm siren, an airplane propeller, and several automobile horns. As the music gained volume, the audience became restless. Finally, at the end of ten minutes, a man in the second row raised his cane to which was attached a white handkerchief . . .

—Eleanor C. Wood

A musician, apologizing to his friend for a poor performance, explained: "I had to play by ear."

"Painful, wasn't it?" his friend replied. "We know. That's the way we had to listen." —*Nuggets*

Tele-Take

Roberta Quinlan, on her TV show, asked Met singer Felix Knight how he happened to get into opera. "When a person is hungry," said Knight, "he'll do anything!"

—Paul Denis

Radio Repeats

Suppose we had a woman president. Can't you just picture the newspaper headline: "The President had twins last night"? —Eddie Cantor

"How much liberty will you have tonight?" asked the pretty girl. To which her sailor sweetheart replied: "That's entirely up to you, honey."

—Bob Hope

After a terrific windstorm hit his Virginia farm, Arthur Godfrey observed: "It's mighty quiet in my chicken house these days, and no wonder—all my chickens are in Pennsylvania." —Paul Steiner

Chivalry may not be dead, but it's not doing too well. On "Give and Take," John Reed King asked a contestant why he wanted to win a power lawn mower. The man replied, "So my wife will have it easier mowing the lawn." —Larry Wolters

Filmland Fables

Nobody was more surprised than Mike Curtiz when, directing a group of extras in a dueling scene, he shouted the command: "Lunge!" and the extras immediately scattered off toward the commissary.

—Vera Budnick

While Ray Heindorf, Warner's musical director, was rehearsing a musical number for *Lullaby of Broadway*, a cat meowed on the set. Ray tapped the stand for silence and yelled: "Someone take that cat down to the music department and have it tuned." —Mitch Woodbury

The garish history of press agentry presents one of its classic studies in futility in Bill Pine's adventure with the 50 parrots. Bill, who had long been one of Hollywood's most potent publicists, conceived the idea of training the talkative birds to repeat the title of Mae West's newest

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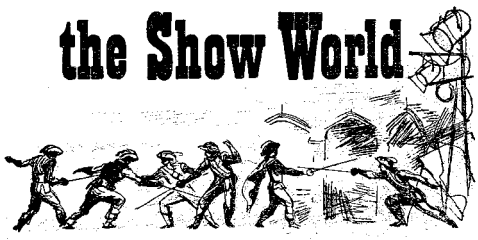
the Show World



film, *It Ain't No Sin*, and dispatch the parrots to the larger American cities, where they could enliven interest in the picture by screaming the words to passers-by.

The drilling consumed many days of painful, nerve-wracking labor, but at last it was accomplished. On the day before the picture's scheduled release, Pine went in to the producer's office and announced, heartily, "Boss, I've got a great surprise for you."

"You don't say!" his employer rejoined. "Well, I have one for you —we've just changed the title of Mae West's picture to *I'm No Angel!*"

—*Wall Street Journal*

Onstage

Before going into *Kiss Me Kate*, Jack Diamond was auditioned by Cole Porter and his associates. When asked if he could sing, he replied, "I can, but you'll have to promise me one thing. If you like the singing just stand up; if not, remain seated."

Jack then stepped to the stage and began singing—*The Star Spangled Banner!*

P.S. He got the job. —Joey Faye

At a recent show flop, George Jean Nathan, the famed critic, kept squirming and tossing throughout.

"What's wrong," asked his companion after the curtain dropped, "bad show?"

"No," answered Nathan, "bad dream!" —Judy Garland

Will Rogers was once asked: "Which of Ziegfeld's productions do you consider the prettiest?"

Rogers quickly replied, "His daughter Patricia!" —Irving Hoffman

Nightcaps

Beware the modern wolves, warns Comedienne Jean Carroll. Their technique is to take a girl out and night-club her into submission.

—Earl Wilson (*Post-Hall Syndicate*)

Overheard in praise of the cigarette girl: "She blouses beautifully."

—Herb Stein

Columns Write

Shelley Winters, asked if she were being psychoanalyzed, replied: "Well, a friend of mine offered me a choice—a psychoanalysis or a mink coat. Frankly, I settled for the mink coat, because it goes a long way towards fighting a feeling of insecurity."

Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall were in the Stork Club when Harry Cohn, president of Columbia, walked by their table and whispered a few words to Bogart. The actor turned to his wife, and beamed: "The picture's a hit."

"What makes you so sure?" asked Miss Bacall.

"Because Mr. Cohn referred to it as 'Our Picture,'" Bogart explained. "If it was a flop, he'd say 'Your Picture.'" —Leonard Lyons

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Five New Cures for Deafness

by MADELYN WOOD

Breath-taking medical discoveries may rescue millions from a world of silence

THE MAN SAT UP stiffly, his face tense with disbelief. It couldn't be, yet there it was—that disturbing whisper of sound, filling the room and tugging at his memory. Then suddenly all doubt was gone and unashamed tears were running down his face.

Not enough to bring tears to a man's eyes, the simple patter of spring rain on the roof? Not for most people—but suppose you hadn't heard the sound for ten years? Then suppose that by a medical miracle, not involving the use of a hearing aid, you suddenly found you could hear it again.

That is what happened to this man who one day walked out of New York's Polyclinic Hospital with the knowledge that his days of lip reading were over, that he could distinguish old, familiar sounds whose absence had become the despairing symbol of his hearing loss.

This is no isolated case, for recent medical developments offer bright hope for vast numbers of people formerly exiled to a world of silence or meaningless noises. Amazing as it may seem, the American Hearing Society estimates that 15,000,000 Americans—one out of every ten—have some kind of hearing difficulty. Many of these have been helped by electronic hearing aids, which are scientific marvels in themselves, but unfortunately many cannot be aided by such devices.

"Deafness" is not just one disease but many, so no one mechanism, and no single "wonder cure," is going to wipe it out overnight. Yet, by attacking each kind of deafness separately, medicine is making breath-taking discoveries. These include unexpected success with vitamin therapy that calls for simple injections; a new use for a radium salt; a discovery that teeth can cause deafness; a drug that helps the sufferer talk his way out of hearing loss; an ingenious method of hearing re-education.

More than 20 years ago a Japanese physician named Ono discovered that lack of Vitamin A seemed to result in damage to the ear passages. Then, a decade or so ago, Dr. M. Joseph Lobel, famed New York otologist, wondered if, since a lack of Vitamin A could cause difficulties in the ear, extra doses of it might work the other way and actually repair damage already done to hearing.

Hopefully he tried giving capsules of carotene, a substance con-

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taining Vitamin A, to a number of hard-of-hearing patients. He was delighted to find that almost immediately there was an improvement. Then came the bad news—the improvement didn't last. The patients were quickly back at their old hearing levels.

Perhaps, Dr. Lobel reasoned, the trouble was in the form in which the vitamin was given. As it was, the liver had the job of turning the carotene into Vitamin A. Suppose it could be made in a form that didn't have to go through the digestive system at all, but could be injected instead?

After many years of searching, Dr. Lobel finally developed a formula for Anatola, made by the pharmaceutical house of Parke, Davis & Co. What he had was a remarkable compound that helped the body to absorb Vitamin A quickly in large quantities. What he didn't know was whether it would help restore hearing.

Choosing a group of patients who were the victims of catarrhal deafness, nerve deafness, and a combination of the two, he started giving them injections of Anatola twice weekly. The results of this experiment held out dazzling promise, but Dr. Lobel waited until he had clinical data on 300 patients before he announced his findings to the medical world.

Within five weeks after starting the injections, only 17 per cent of those treated had failed to show an increase in hearing ability! In some cases, hearing improved as much as 30 per cent; and even in the combined forms of deafness, Dr. Lobel reported cautiously: "The hearing in many of these patients seemed to be adequately rehabilitated for ordinary purposes."

Impressive, yes, but perhaps too good to be true? The Lobel discovery had to be tested elsewhere.

At the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital in New Orleans, Drs. Anderson, Zoller, and Alexander undertook an exacting test, and their report was a triumph for the man who had devoted years to perfecting this method of attacking hearing impairment. The doctors said flatly: "Every patient with deafness who does not respond to routine treatment should be given a trial period of Vitamin A injection."

FOR MILLIONS with hearing troubles, there is an even more tormenting malady than deafness—tinnitus. The fact that Vitamin A therapy also helps rid tinnitus victims of maddening head noises would make it big news, even if it had no effect on hearing.

"I could stand the deafness if only I could get rid of this noise," is a common statement to doctors. For some, tinnitus takes the form of a steady, maddening, dripping sound, like that of a leaking faucet. For others it is a clicking, like train cars in motion; or a ringing, crackling, popping noise.

For such sufferers, Dr. Lobel was able to offer the good news that, in a majority of cases, tinnitus disappeared after Vitamin A injections. The New Orleans researchers reported that 70 per cent of the victims they treated were relieved.

A major assault on still another type of hearing loss is exemplified by the story of a nine-year-old boy. The first noticeable trouble occurred when he began to fail in

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school. His worried parents feared he might be mentally deficient, but doctors discovered that the trouble was impaired hearing, due to a blockage of the Eustachian tube by adenoid tissues.

Once, that might have meant continuation on the path toward serious hearing impairment. In this case, the boy was hurried to Johns Hopkins Hospital, where Dr. Samuel J. Crowe of the Otological Department has been working for years on developing means of attacking this form of deafness.

The treatment was astonishingly simple. Into the boy's nasal passages an applicator containing a radium salt was inserted. Its powerful rays went to work on the adenoid tissues, which slowly began to shrink. A few months later the boy's hearing was back to normal, and his work was improving.

Thousands have been successfully treated by this method. Though medical men worried about the possible dangerous consequences from the use of radium in such a spot in the body, they have accumulated reassuring evidence that little risk is involved when the treatment is in skillful hands and the need for it is clearly indicated.

Do a person's teeth have anything to do with his hearing? Offhand, it seems an unlikely idea, yet just such a discovery by a Philadelphia dentist promises a new approach to restored hearing. When Dr. David J. Goodfriend, of the University of Pennsylvania, corrected the bite of a man who was partly deaf, he got back a surprising report. The man's hearing had been restored by the work on his teeth.

Dr. Goodfriend started checking into other cases and learned that similar results had occurred in a number of them. At a University clinic, he studied 25 patients with hearing disorders which could not be traced to any abnormality of the ear itself. Twenty-three of these, however, had abnormalities of the jaws and teeth which prevented proper movement of the jaws!

Dr. Goodfriend found the explanation in the fact that a faulty bite closes the jaws and displaces the upper portions of the lower jawbone, which then press on the Eustachian tubes and the muscles, nerves, and blood vessels of the ear. In the course of time, this pressure damages the ear and affects hearing. Correcting the bite relieves the pressure and in many instances may undo the damage.

A SOLDIER goes into battle—and comes out stone deaf. Examination of his ears shows nothing mechanically wrong. The explanation is simple: the trouble lies in the soldier's mind—he can't hear because he doesn't want to!

Once, cases like these might have been shrugged off as malingering. Now, however, medicine not only recognizes this strange problem, but also has a remarkable cure for it. Witness the classic example of a sergeant sent to Hoff General Hospital, Army center for treatment of the deaf, after World War II.

"His platoon," comments the physician on his case, "followed him with devotion. When his men were killed or wounded, he was tormented by the faces of those who had died through imagined neglect on his part. He was in a foxhole when an artillery shell fell near him. A

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buddy was killed and he found himself completely deaf."

The sergeant was given an injection of sodium pentothal, a drug which creates a state of hypnosis. The doctor, talking in an ordinary conversational tone, discovered that, in this state, the sergeant could hear perfectly.

"We are going to cure your hearing trouble," the doctor told him. Encouraged to talk while still under the influence of the drug, the soldier disclosed his worries about his men. "Thereafter," says the doctor's report, "he was reassured and told he was forgiven for all his fancied wrongs, that the war was over, that his men were safe now and that he could hear.

"When the effects of the pentothal wore off, sure enough the sergeant could hear again."

Literally millions of deafened people are not as deaf as they think they are. Much of their disability can be overcome without resorting to any form of medication, hearing aids, or surgery! These are the remarkable conclusions of Dr. Victor Browd and associates at New York's Polyclinic Hospital.

Disturbed by the fact that perhaps a majority of the hard-of-hearing cannot profit sufficiently from a hearing aid, Dr. Browd was impressed by a curious fact. When a person is fitted with a hearing device, he must be trained to use it. Then his hearing often improves far beyond the amount of amplification provided by the device.

This difference is accounted for by the fact that the patient learns to recognize sounds which he has physically been hearing all along, but which, because they were unfamiliar, he has not mentally perceived. Couldn't this unsuspected hearing ability be put to work by simply teaching the patient to utilize it fully?

The type of patients Dr. Browd thought might be helped in this way were those who suffered a physical impairment that cut out only part of their hearing. They could hear sounds, but many of them were meaningless. A doorbell would buzz, a whistle blow, voices come from a radio—but to these deafened persons, the vibrations that reached their hearing centers were just so many disturbing sounds, carrying no messages.

When sounds are disturbing and meaningless, the mind begins to ignore them and soon the partially deaf person does not hear them at all. This has the effect of making his hearing grow steadily worse, although the physical condition of his ears has not changed at all.

Knowing this, Dr. Browd wondered if perhaps this process could be reversed. Instead of steadily losing hearing, the patient might be able to regain it—if he could only learn to recognize sounds for what they were.

The method of hearing re-education used by Dr. Browd is simplicity itself. The patient sits in front of the doctor, three to five times farther away than the minimum at which he has been struggling to pick up shouted words. The doctor speaks a simple sentence, holding a card before his mouth to eliminate the possibility of lip reading. He asks the patient to repeat what he has heard, no matter how meaningless it seems.

If the patient's response is cor-

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rect, he is told so; if wrong, he is told what the doctor really said. More sentences, involving all word sounds, are added by the same process. Surprisingly, within a matter of weeks, the deafness victim often masters this "new language."

Now the doctor arms himself with a variety of equipment that makes him look like a radio sound-effects man. With it, he helps the patient learn to link the noises he has been hearing with the object that makes them. For instance, by concentration on the sound of a dinner bell while looking at the bell, he soon learns to "hear" it. The doctor takes him through the whole range of sounds he will commonly encounter at home or at work.

In the report on his first group of patients, Dr. Browd was able to state that, after the treatment, four out of five "showed either no disability or only occasional evidence of it." In days, or at the most in a few weeks, Dr. Browd's grateful patients found themselves on the way back to a world of familiar sounds. And where before they had heard only vague disturbing vibrations, once again they were able to recognize the hum of street noises, the rattle of dishes and pans, the ticking of a clock, and the patter of rain on the roof.

Courtroom Classics

A BOY WAS being tried in a Texas court for the theft of an automobile. When the testimony had all been given, the judge in his instructions to the jury asked for a not-guilty verdict.

Rising, the foreman of the jury announced dutifully: "Your Honor, we find the boy that stole that car not guilty."

—MARION L. COONSE

IN A NEW ENGLAND murder trial years ago, a defense witness testified that the accused had been out of the sight of anyone and able to have committed homicide for a matter "of only two or three minutes." Whereupon the district attorney turned to the jury and said, "Gentlemen, here is my watch which I hold before you. We shall all pause, not for three minutes, but for only two minutes, and you may judge what could have been done by the defendant in that space of time."

It seemed interminable as the jury waited for 120 seconds to be ticked off. And they later returned a verdict of guilty.

—NEAL O'HARA (*McNaught Syndicate*)

A MAN PLEADED guilty to a charge of drunken driving, and a North Dakota judge promptly ordered his driver's license revoked. That posed a problem, as the defendant shamefacedly confessed that he had no license.

The judge was equal to the situation, however. After a moment's quiet deliberation, he ordered the man to secure a license which could then be revoked.

—THEODORE R. MACDONALD

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Telephone Wonderland Swiss Style

by ROBERT REUBEN

There's no end to the service you can get with a turn of the dial in Switzerland

THE YOUNG BRIDE who is worried about today's menu can just pick up her telephone, dial 163, and get suggestions for each meal—along with the recipes. She can, that is, if she lives in Zurich, Switzerland.

If the young lady's bridegroom didn't have time to read the morning paper, the telephone company is ready with that service also. If he wants to hear the news in French he dials 168. And since Switzerland is a trilingual country, he can dial 167 to get the news in German, and 169 to have it in Italian.

No one is overlooked in this tiny democracy, least of all aspiring musicians. Dial 165, wait a moment, and you will hear a perfect A tone. Then you can tune your violin.

If you are a sports addict, just dial 164 for a special broadcast devoted entirely to sport results. To obtain local weather forecasts, dial 162. For almost any other service or chore you can think of, merely dial 11—and you have opened the door to the most unusual phone service in the world, Switzerland's telephone wonderland.

If you live in Zurich and want to know what's playing in a neighborhood theater in Geneva, dial 11. If your doctor doesn't answer his phone, 11 will tell you where he is. Do you want to know if there are any football games this week end, the snow conditions at your favorite ski run, whether a parade has been canceled because of rain? Call 11.

There is no end to the strange or urgent calls with which 11 is besieged daily. Frantic expectant fathers have been aided countless times in their search for doctors or ambulances.

"My boy friend will never talk to me again if I'm late for our date tonight, and I can't find a taxi!" a young feminine voice wept to Geneva's number 11. The operator told the girl the quickest way to reach her destination.

In Bienne, Switzerland, 11 has told callers how long ago Buddha lived, whether it is good manners to eat asparagus by hand or fork, in what ship the King and Queen of England traveled to the U. S. And a child once asked: "Where is the wind when he doesn't blow?"

Number 11 also will tell you the timetables on ships, trains, and planes. Another vital service is the network of SOS telephones on remote Alpine routes, mountain peaks, and skiing slopes. You can call for assistance or for a rescue

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ski-team in case of an emergency.

To prevent language misunderstandings, almost the entire Swiss telephone system is automatic—you can dial any number in Switzerland regardless of its location, instead of going through long-distance.

Before girls are hired by the telephone company, they must pass an examination which includes dictation in four languages. They must also have a thorough knowledge of French and German. Then they spend eight hours a day in training for five or six months, studying their country and government until they know every aspect by heart. After this course, they begin work as operators. However, on-the-job instruction continues throughout the first year of employment.

This thorough training is the secret of how number 11 is able to provide such miraculous service. If the girl should be unable to answer the request from her own knowledge or reference books, she refers the call to a supervisor.

Number 11 in Zurich, a city slightly larger than Omaha, handles 7,000 to 9,000 questions during the day, and about 1,400 every evening. Last July, there were 270 calls from persons who had missed connections with someone else. These are routed to the department called "short private messages"—anyone can entrust 11 with a short message for another person, who may or may not call for the information.

The latest Swiss wrinkle is Ipsophone, a robot device installed on a rental basis. It records incoming messages when the owner is away, answering the phone and asking the caller for his message. When the owner returns, he merely turns on his Ipsophone and listens.

Also, you can call your own home (even though you are thousands of miles away), recite a secret code signal to Ipsophone, and it will repeat back for you all the messages it has taken. If you are worried about eavesdroppers, you change the code as often as you wish.

All these services add up to a telephone wonderland for visitors, a mechanical miracle developed to meet the unique needs of a country which derives much of its income from tourists and visitors.

Signs with Significance

In the window of a reducing salon: "What Have You Got to Lose?"
—*Between Calls*

On a furniture store: "Couches—Sinfully Luxurious."—DENNIS MORGAN

On an Atlantic City night-club marquee: "Good, Clean Entertainment—Every Night Except Monday."
—PHILADELPHIA *Inquirer*

Scrawled beneath a large likeness of a dollar bill chalked by a sidewalk artist: "Drawn From Memory."
—E. A. CHAFFEE

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We Can Cut the Budget!

by PAUL H. DOUGLAS
(U. S. Senator from Illinois)

A Senator demands action to halt government waste and save billions of tax dollars

WITH A HUGE defense budget forced upon us by the Soviet threat, the U. S. this coming year faces a deficit of many billions. If we do not close this gap and balance the budget, we will press ahead on the disastrous road to super-inflation. So Congress recently requested new taxes—taxes which experts say will bring an additional seven billion dollars into the Treasury.

That's as it should be; no American should deny aid to his nation in time of peril. But I contend that a scandalously large proportion of your taxes and mine will *not* go to bolster our national defense program; instead, it will be channeled into countless unnecessary projects and other waste which contribute nothing to America's needs today.

This nonessential spending *totals more than four billion dollars* of the annual Federal budget—and makes your taxes that much heavier.

The residents of the lovely little town of Grand Marais, Michigan, have been anticipating a grand event. Dressed up in their Sunday best, gathered at the North Shore of Lake Superior, they will soon be watching dredging machines bite deeply into the ground at their waterfront. For the 855 inhabitants of that nook of civilization, located 400 miles east of Duluth, this will be a happy occasion. It should be. Congress has okayed $116,000 to improve local boat-mooring facilities.

Now, the good people of Grand Marais prosper through providing services and supplies to summer tourists who boat and fish in the lake. Improved harbor facilities would build up the place as a resort and attract more vacationers. Everyone is in favor of it. But why should Uncle Sam hand them the money? Under our free-enterprise system, such progress should be achieved without charity from the Great White Father in Washington.

As far south as Grand Marais is north, the waters of St. Mary's River cascade into the Atlantic on the Georgia-Florida border. On the shores of that river stands a large paper mill whose products are now in great demand. Recently, Congress was asked to vote a million dollars to improve the navigation on that river, plus $18,000 annually to maintain the channel.

It's quite a bonanza for the mill:

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it would save that company about $135,000 in transportation costs annually. But why should Congress give away a million in taxpayers' money to benefit that company?

Take it from me, the toughest job in Congress is to cut government spending. The pressure for a free slice of the taxpayers' money is enormous. Folks back home want Federal projects and expensive programs. They demand that their legislators (whom they helped elect) sponsor such projects on Capitol Hill. Soon they are incorporated in appropriation bills; each legislator helps the other. Congress okays them, and the taxpayer gets lost in the shuffle.

I think it is wrong to vote these projects, and I have been fighting against them. It would help if our loyal citizens would lift the pressure from their representatives. For we cannot have our cake and eat it, too. The need to cut the Federal budget grows ever more imperative. If we have not been thrifty of late, we simply must be now.

The only solution is to develop a pay-as-you-go program. There are only two ways to accomplish this—increase taxes and reduce spending. While both have limitations, both must be used.

Let us cut nonessential expenses. Nondefense agencies must get by with fewer employees. "Empire-building" in government must go, and officials should stop enlarging their staffs to justify their own importance. Agencies must stop mushrooming their field services throughout the country. I believe we could save half a billion a year by consolidation and elimination.

The other day in Washington, a sleek sedan rolled along Constitution Avenue. The golden insignia on its doors looked very official. As the chauffeur stopped the car at the Senate Office Building, a man got out and said: "You needn't wait."

A passing tourist commented: "I wonder who that is? Maybe a Cabinet member?"

I knew the man. He was not a Cabinet member, or a bureau chief, or even an assistant chief. He was an assistant *to* an assistant chief.

This incident represents the passing of the boundary line of common sense in government today. In addition to driving around in flashy cars, too many employees sit in huge offices with massive desks and thick carpets. This kind of luxury spending has added millions to the national budget. It must stop.

But we also have to cut where it is closer to our heart. Few programs mean more to me than soil conservation, but now, direct payments to farmers should be reduced drastically. This is true of most of our agricultural programs. By deflating administrative expenses and reducing the scope of the projects, we could save half a billion.

As a veteran wounded in World War II, I have a right to fight for veterans' benefits. But here, too, cuts are in order. For example, we have a hospital program giving free medical care to veterans with service-caused ailments. The law also grants veterans with non-service-connected illnesses the same free facilities, *provided the patients cannot afford to pay.*

The catch is that no one checks on the veterans' financial status. So the whole system is loaded with free

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riders. We can save $100,000,000 a year without harming veterans who really need medical care.

Let me list a few other projects on which we could save $300,000,000. Let's make government corporations underwrite their own administrative expenses; let's (and this will raise a howl) slash too-long vacations and sick-leave allowances of government employees. Even if we cut vacations to a month, government workers would still get more privileges than those in private industry. That alone would save $200,000,000. Recently, the Senate backed me up in a move to reduce these vacations, so we are making real headway in this direction.

Over and above everything, the pruning knife must slash the "pork barrel" without mercy. A conscientious legislator can find plenty of pay dirt here. Whenever I toothcomb the Rivers and Harbors projects, I find a terrible waste. We have no money for such projects as the one approved last year for Walnut Lake in Maryland, to build a small boat harbor a mile and a half from an existing one; or similar projects on the Mystic River in Massachusetts or at Rock Island, Illinois. Nor can we afford a water-purifying scheme at Schuylkill River in Pennsylvania, or $21,000,000 for the Demopolis Lock and Dam project to allow barges to move a little faster.

I feel so wrought up about this type of Federal extravagance that I must give you one more instance. There is a proposal to spend $1,300,000 on the Canaveral Harbor in Florida. This carries the latest wrinkle with it. Because it is located near an air base, the excuse is defense. But the air base already has water transportation available! The same money could maintain some 250 soldiers for a year, or pay for 13 F-80 jet fighters.

I have hardly scratched the surface of wasteful Federal spending. We should scan the entire budget, bit by bit, for places to save. If necessary, we should revise legislation to make further cuts possible.

The task is a tough and tedious one, but we owe it to the taxpayers who are carrying too heavy a load. We must relieve their burden, and stay away from financial disaster. It can be done—it must be done!

Placating Mother

MOTHER WAS TRYING to teach young Robert the importance of doing his duty, however difficult it might be.

"Now take your father," she admonished. "He works and works, not that he likes it, but because it is his duty. Can you imagine him doing anything just because it is pleasant?"

"Yes, Mother, I can," the boy replied.

"Really?" she asked in surprise.

"Yes, Mother"—with a look of deep admiration—"that's what he did when he married you."

—JEROME SAXON

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Picture Story

FIRST TO FIGHT!

THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS

IN TRIBUTE to the officers and men of the U. S. Marine Corps, CORONET presents their story of courage and valor that began 176 years ago. These pictures, painted especially for the Corps, shine brightly with the soldierly virtues—esprit, resoluteness, tenacity, ingenuity—of which Marines have always been justly proud. They tell of heroic actions which ennoble Marine history; they symbolize Marine readiness to stand and fight again whenever the nation calls.

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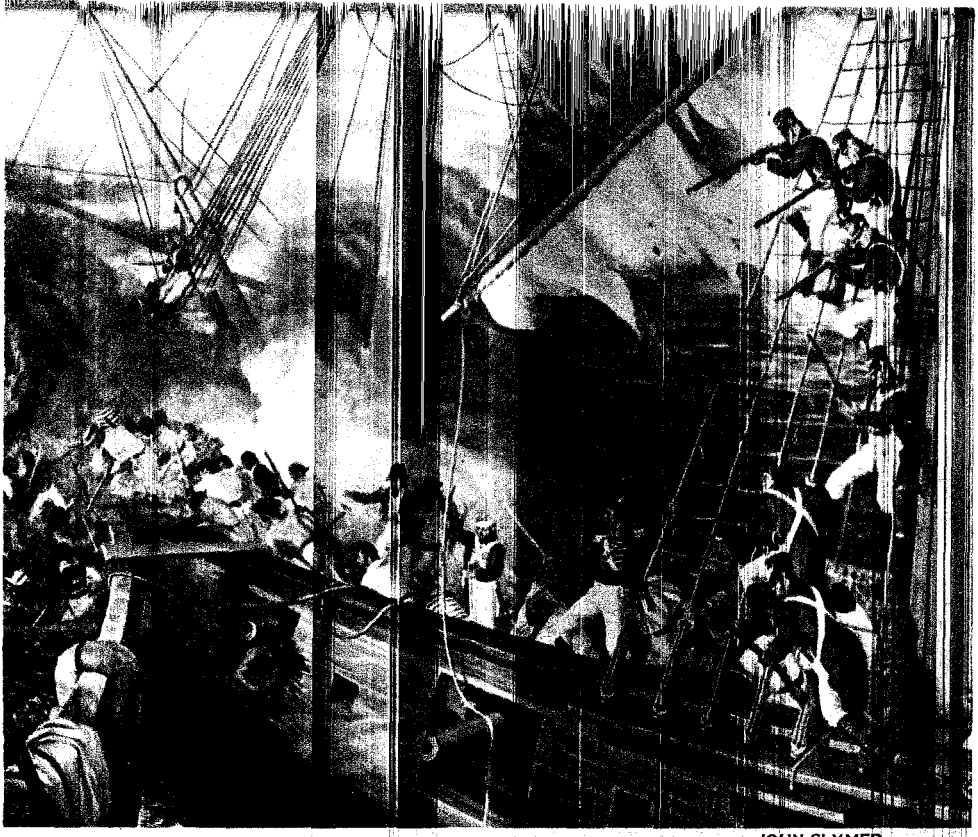

JOHN CLYMER

BARBARY COAST, 1804: ". . . To the Shores of Tripoli."

IN HIS LAVISH PALACE, the Pasha of Tripoli gloated: his pirates had captured the American warship *Philadelphia*. But aboard the ketch *Intrepid*, Lieut. Stephen Decatur was about to still the Pasha's laugh. It was the evening of February 17—a moonless, forbidding night. Silently the *Intrepid* moved into the harbor of Tripoli, closer to the anchored *Philadelphia*. As the two vessels touched, 70 Marines and sailors leaped aboard the captured vessel and raced to their assigned posts. Tripolitan cries of terror shattered the stillness: musket flames tore the blackness. Moments later, the astonished pirate crew was overwhelmed. Then Decatur and his men went to work, lighting fires from the *Philadelphia's* bow to stern. Calmly they held their posts until a breeze caught the flames and spread them across deck. Only when the Tripolitan shore batteries opened fire did the Americans slip away. As they sailed back into the darkness, the *Philadelphia* was a fiery mass, burning to the waterline—a beacon of triumph for American arms.

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JOHN CLYMER

FLORIDA CAMPAIGN, 1836: "The Mosquito Fleet."

DEEP IN THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES, the Seminole chief Osceola plotted revenge. Once a prisoner of Gen. Wiley Thompson's, the Indian had sworn to kill the American. Three days after Christmas, 1835, he did. An Indian band surprised the General's party at dinner and massacred them all. Osceola himself took Thompson's scalp. War with the Seminoles had begun anew. Settlers were ambushed; besieged Fort Brooke was barely saved by Marine reinforcements. Ultimately Osceola died in irons, but across the dank Everglades war raged on. The Seminoles slunk into tiny settlements to pillage and murder. Then, slipping back through the swamps, they hid beyond American reach—until the Marines' "Mosquito Fleet" was born. Using canoes and barges, a force of 600 sea-soldiers trailed the Indians deep into the forbidden jungle. Where they found Seminole camps, they destroyed them. They burned one crop after another until, six years after it began, the Second Seminole War ended. Florida was saved for the new nation.

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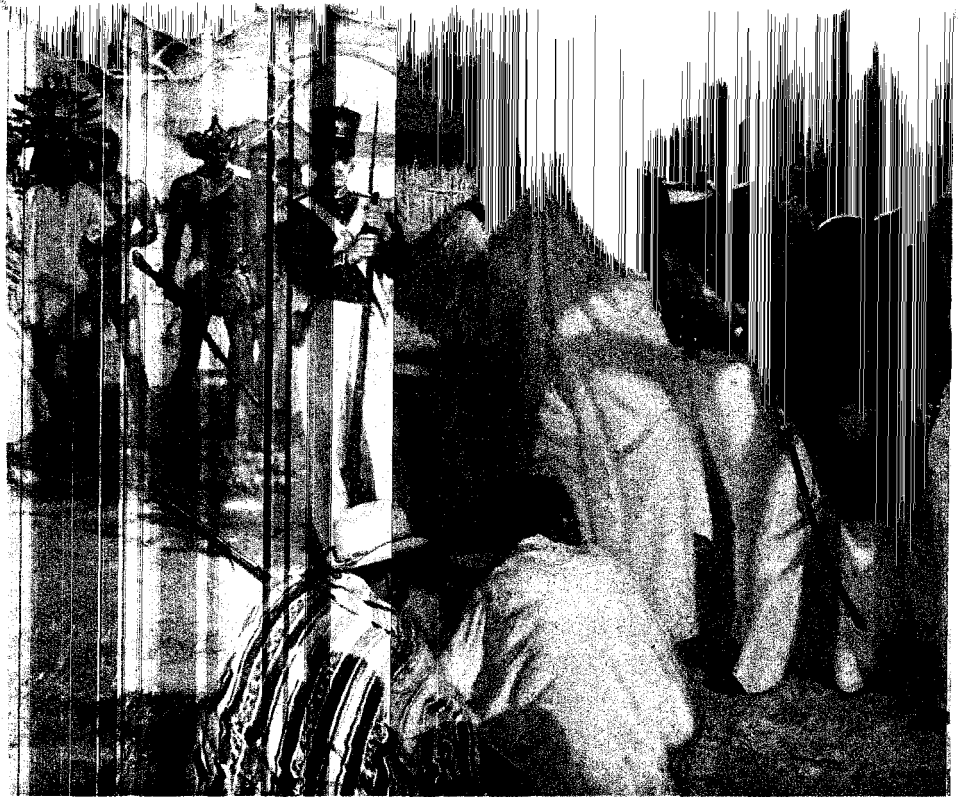

TOM LOVELL

THE SLAVE TRADE, 1843: "And in Sunny Tropic Scenes."

MARINES SERVING with the African Squadron agreed that there was no more onerous duty in the Corps. Their mission: to halt the illegal slave trade. But their slow sailing ships rarely caught up with the slavers' swift clippers; and when they went ashore, natives plundered their vessels and ambushed them in the steaming wilderness. In the closing months of 1843, Commodore Matthew Perry struck back at the guilty tribesmen; he burned their villages to the ground. Chief King Ben Crack-O, leader of the Berribees, was the last to learn that Perry was in earnest. When a small party of Marines set out to prove it, Ben Crack-O seized Commodore Perry and wrestled him inside a circle of natives. Suddenly a shot rang out. Ben Crack-O crumpled. For a perilous moment, it appeared that the Americans would be slaughtered. But Perry seized the initiative and ordered the village burned. So stunned were the Berribees that Perry's men got back to their ship after only a skirmish. The Marines had doomed Africa's slave trade.

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TOM LOVELL

MEXICO CITY, 1847: "From the Halls of Montezuma."

DEEP IN THE ENEMY'S heartland, slogging over marshes and swamps, Gen. Winfield Scott and his 12,000 effectives knew there could be no retreat. It was either Mexico City—or death. Before them, Santa Anna, victor of the Alamo, waited with 32,000 veterans. In the shadow of Chapultepec Castle, Gen. John A. Quitman and his Marine Division got their orders: "Assault the Castle!" Trenches were overrun; walls were scaled; the Mexicans broke and ran. Now Quitman's Marines looked over rooftops swarming with watchers. The streets lay silent under a hot sun. Beyond was the final objective: the Halls of Montezuma. Quitman regrouped his tired forces and advanced. A deadly enfilading fire cut into his slim line. The Mexicans counterattacked. The Marines drove them back. Night fell over the battlefield. As the sun rose, a lookout spotted a white flag; Santa Anna had capitulated. Behind their ragged leader, the Marines fell into formation. At last, Mexico City belonged to the Yankees.

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JOHN CLYMER

THE BOXER REBELLION, 1900: "We Are Still Holding Out."

WOMEN AND CHILDREN huddled inside the walled compound of Peking's legation area. Fanatical Boxers—a swelling band of Chinese terrorists—had launched a crusade of violence against foreigners. The German minister had been killed in a riot; murder and pillage flamed across the city. Within the compound, a little band of Germans, Russians, Englishmen, and Marines made ready to defend it to the death. On June 24, the Chinese struck. Repulsed in their first attack, they set up a ceaseless bombardment. In the Methodist mission, women trembled on the edge of panic. One morning, word came that the Boxers were building a tower from which they could rake the Marine position. This was the crisis. At nightfall, Capt. John Myers led an assault force to the wall. Shouting defiance, the Marines swarmed up and over. Myers fell wounded, but the Americans held their ground until the Chinese fled. Weeks later, an Allied relief column fought its way into Peking. The Boxer Rebellion was crushed.

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JOHN J. CAPOLINO

BELLEAU WOOD, 1918: "We Called It 'Hell Wood'!"

CHEERS RANG ACROSS the encampment: the Marines were moving up. They sang *Mademoiselle from Armentieres* as their trucks bounced over shell-pocked French roads. Many days would pass before the second Marine Division sang again. Chateau-Thierry was aflame; if the Germans broke through, Paris was theirs. At that very moment, a snakelike salient called Belleau Wood, bristling with machine-gun nests and artillery, threatened the whole line. On June 6, the Marines were ordered to wipe it out. As the sun sank, four waves of skirmishers climbed from muddy trenches, and the woods erupted into flame. Lines broke: men fell, rose again, and staggered forward. Under the splintered trees, there was no semblance of command. Isolated Marines captured machine guns with bayonets. One officer and his decimated platoon took the village of Bouresches. For 21 days, the Second fought man-to-man, tree-to-tree. Then, on the 28th, the last German was driven from Belleau Wood. The end of World War I was in sight.

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TOM LOVELL

IWO JIMA, 1945: "A Five-by-Three Island."

COMBAT BOOTS CLANKED on iron decks; bayonets caught the first light of dawn. Over the loudspeaker, an impersonal voice said: "Wave one, prepare to debark!" It was H-hour of D-day. Target: Iwo Jima. The vast armada—flat-tops, battleships, landing craft—had come a long way. But now the chips were down. "Take Iwo," the high command had counseled, "and Japan is wide open." At daybreak, February 19, the Marines went in. When the first squads splashed ashore, the Japanese in pillboxes opened up with devastating firepower. The second wave dug in on the heels of the first. The deadly fire never abated. On a few mangled yards of beachhead, fighting men buried their faces and waited. One man ran forward a few feet. Three more followed. The advance was begun. Foot by foot, the Marines crept ahead. Flame throwers worked close to the dugouts and seared them with fire. It was slow and costly—but it was the only way. In their 168th year, the Marines had known their finest hour.

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GUSTAV REHBERGER

KOREA: "We're Coming Out as Marines!"

THROUGHOUT THE IMPERILED Pusan beachhead, the word spread swiftly: "The Marines are here!" Within days, United Nations forces started back up the Korean peninsula. Then, suddenly, hordes of Chinese communists poured over the Manchurian border and overwhelmed the outnumbered UN troops. Back and back they fell, fighting desperately to avoid annihilation. Days later, the grim news was released: the First Marine Division was trapped at frozen Changjin Reservoir. Inside the Red perimeter, Col. Ray Murray spoke: "We will *advance* to the rear. We will bring out our wounded and equipment. We're coming out, I tell you, as Marines—or not at all!" On the gray morning of November 29, 1950, the advance began on roads glazed with ice. Wounded were strapped to jeeps. The Chinese struck again and again. But five days after it had started, the battered First fought its way free of "Nightmare Alley." And one Marine spoke for all Marines as he said: "When do we start back?"

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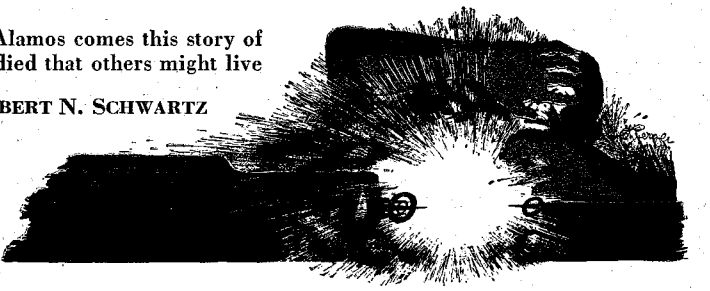
Martyr to the Atom

Out of Los Alamos comes this story of a man who died that others might live

by **ROBERT N. SCHWARTZ**



AS HE DROVE TO the Los Alamos atomic-energy plant that sunny May morning in 1946, Dr. Louis Slotin was a happy man. After four grueling years with the famed Manhattan District Project, he was about to begin his last experiment.

Already a replacement had been trained to assume his dangerous duties. And soon the young Canadian scientist would leave to become an assistant professor in the University of Chicago's Institute of Radiobiology. There he would devote himself again to the beloved biochemical research that he had shelved during World War II.

That same afternoon, Dr. Slotin planned to go hunting for specimens of unusual desert rocks—a hobby he pursued enthusiastically across the flat New Mexican wastes now touched by spring's first gay colors. But the morning of May 21, he had a date with destiny. The story behind this date with destiny, never told in such detail before, emerges only now from the secrecy-shrouded acres of Los Alamos.

In his home town of Winnipeg, Canada, Louis Slotin had been a good student, but there was no indication he would ever become a famous scientist. His friends recognized him as an extremely courageous youth; despite his slight build of five feet six, Slotin took a fling at amateur boxing. Later, as a student in England, he served briefly in the Royal Air Force. There his embryonic career as a pilot ended abruptly when it was discovered he could hardly see without glasses.

At the University of London in 1936, he won a doctorate in physical chemistry with high honors. The next year brought him to an even more challenging frontier of science: atomic energy. He joined the University of Chicago faculty and was among those who built the school's first cyclotron.

In 1942, Slotin was invited to join the hush-hush Manhattan Project, organized to construct the first atom bomb. Despite his Canadian citizenship, he quickly rose to positions of trust and importance. It was Slotin who was in charge of assembling the first A-bomb. And when he delivered it to the Army, he received a written receipt which

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remained his most prized possession.

Now, in Slotin's laboratory at Los Alamos, six colleagues awaited him. They were R. E. Schreiber, Alvin C. Graves, Marion E. Cieslicki, S. Allan Kline, Dwight S. Young, and Theodore Perlman. Also present was an Army observer, Pfc. Patrick J. Cleary.

Security cloaks the exact nature of their experiment, but this much is known: they were working on a crucial phase of the A-bomb. The official Army report states they were bringing together fissionable materials "to the point where a controlled chain reaction (an atomic explosion) would set in."

Before the experiment started, Slotin and his colleagues carefully checked the instruments which cluttered the low-ceilinged, concrete-walled, windowless room. All seemed to be in working order.

"Okay," said Slotin. "Let's go!"

Quickly the others assumed places before the dials and equipment. Slotin bent over a table on which the experiment itself was being conducted. Although the test was progressing satisfactorily, there was a tense silence in the room.

Then something went wrong. A piece of equipment "slipped," to quote the Army's official version. And in a millionth of a second, a suffocating wave of heat swept the room; an ominous blue glow blanketed the experimental material.

The Army report continues: "There was no explosion in the sense that there were no mechanical effects, no debris, no noise." Then: "The immediate area and all in it were bombarded by intense and deadly high-energy gamma rays and neutrons of all energies."

In the tiniest fraction of a second, Louis Slotin acted. Another moment—and everyone in the room might have been blown to bits and the entire Los Alamos plant destroyed. The young scientist leaped at the table and, with his bare hands, smashed the experiment!

That halted the chain reaction. Slotin's lightning action dazed his seven companions. They stared at him, dumbfounded. Then the full impact struck them: all brave men, they nevertheless felt the terror of the invisible, almighty radiation. Hysterically, figures broke and ran for the door.

Again Slotin's quick thinking prevented disaster. Racing after his frightened colleagues, he herded them back into the room. Slotin was worried about them, not about himself. Patiently, he made each man stand where he was when the accident occurred. He wanted to compute the exact amount of radiation each had absorbed; the information, Slotin knew, would be invaluable to the physicians who would treat them soon.

Allan Kline recalls that Slotin, after completing his computations and while the men still stood in their places, remarked: "The odds are 100 to one that you will live."

He kept silent about his own fate, for Slotin knew his slight body had absorbed many times the amount of radiation needed to kill a man.

Ambulances sped the men to the Los Alamos hospital. And from every corner of the nation, the Army rushed America's most skilled radiologists and physicians to the Manhattan Project.

Because Slotin had thrust himself between his assistants and the

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deadly rays, the seven other men were able to survive with no permanent ill effects. But Louis Slotin lay on his hospital bed awaiting the inevitable end.

Even as death approached, he still tried to serve science; he discussed his illness with doctors, demonstrating a far wider knowledge of radiation poisoning than they possessed. Unerringly, he predicted the appearance of various symptoms and their effects.

His parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. I. Slotin, came from their Winnipeg home to be at his bedside. To his father, Louis handed the prized receipt given him in return for the first atom bomb. Finally, his slight body wasted to a skeleton, Louis Slotin died. It was exactly nine days after the spring morning he had started off to work in such high spirits. "His death," wrote three University of Chicago colleagues at Los Alamos, "like his life, was quiet, brave, and clear."

To honor his heroism, his friends at Chicago set up a Louis Slotin Memorial Lecture series. It would give the world's most learned scientists a platform from which to report man's conquest of nature—the aim of science and of Louis Slotin, first peacetime victim of man's effort to harness the atom.

Are You a Date Picker?

If you find at least half of these dates within easy reach, you should be able to pluck most of the others through the process of elimination.

Score: 16 or more—excellent picking; 13 to 15—average harvest; 12 or less—maybe you need a ladder! (Answers on page 132.)

1. First transcontinental railroad completed in U. S. ____
2. Declaration of American Independence ____
3. Custer massacre ____
4. Boston Tea Party ____
5. Louisiana Purchase ____
6. Confederacy established ____
7. Spanish-American War ____
8. Monroe Doctrine ____
9. Lincoln assassinated ____
10. Battle of the Alamo ____
11. Jamestown, Va., settled ____
12. Florida purchased from Spain ____
13. The Big Depression began ____
14. Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock ____
15. McKinley assassinated ____
16. Alaska purchased from Russia ____
17. U. S. entered World War I ____
18. Washington elected president of U. S. ____

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THE MOST AMAZING INSECT

by EDWIN WAY TEALE

The diminutive honeybee continues to astonish science with its fantastic talents

A HONEYBEE is not even as long as your thumbnail. Its brain is hardly larger than the head of a pin. Its weight is so slight it would take 750,000 bees, a single-file parade five miles long, to equal the weight of a 150-pound man. Yet this midget is one of the world's most valuable animals.

The honey of the honeybee was Europe's chief sugar supply until after the Roman Empire. Beeswax is so diversely used in industry that our native production rarely meets the demand. The value of bees as carriers of pollen on farms and in orchards is beyond calculation. A hundred thousand species of flowering plants are said to depend upon bees for their existence, and orchard trees increase their yield 40-fold when they have an ample supply of bees at blooming time.

The honeybee is a skilled navigator, botanist, engineer. Its cities of wax are wonders of strength and lightness. The comb, with cell-walls often only 1/500th of an inch thick, can support 25 times its own weight. So uniform are the hexagonal cells that Réaumur, 18th-century French scientist, suggested using their diameter as an international unit of measurement.

It is even doubtful whether man, with all his intelligence and ingenuity, could surpass this insect's achievements if he had at his disposal only the size, frail strength, and external organs of the bee.

The more we learn about the bee, the more amazing its life becomes. And recent years have thrown greater light upon the mysteries of the hive than all the preceding centuries. This is largely due to the work of one man, Dr. Karl von Frisch. By daubing bees with colored paint and watching them through the glass walls of observation hives, he has discovered hitherto unsuspected facts about them.

Returning home from the fields with a load of nectar often equal to half its own weight, the foraging bee performs a dance on the comb, circling first in one direction and then in the other, and making a

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straight run across the comb where the circles meet, its tail wagging vigorously. Other bees crowd all around it, smelling with their antennae the perfume of the particular flower it has visited. Then they leave the hive, fly in the direction indicated by the tail-wagging run, and thus, without wasted time, find the flowers rich in nectar.

Each bee that returns from an ample supply of nectar performs such a dance; then, as the sweet fluid begins to decrease, the workers no longer dance and no more bees are attracted to the spot. Thus, there is a minimum of lost effort.

To the hard-working bees, this is vitally important. As many as 37,000 loads of nectar go into making a pound of honey. Even where flowers abound, this requires a combined flying distance of more than twice around the Equator. In desert regions, bees have been known to travel 300,000 miles, on wings that beat 11,400 times a minute, in gathering the nectar for a single pound of honey.

Foraging bees from one hive may visit 250,000 flowers in a single day. No wonder that, at the height of the nectar season, honeybees wear themselves out and die in six weeks.

At first, von Frisch thought the original dancing bee led the others back to the source of nectar. But he found that if he imprisoned this bee, the others reached the spot just as quickly. Their course had been charted for them by the tail-wagging run of the dancing bee.

An old superstition about bees, dating from the Middle Ages, credits them with being expert astronomers. Von Frisch's experiments have revealed that, in a way, they are. They use the sun as their central guidepost and rays of the sun as landmarks. If the tail-wagging run is upward on the comb, it indicates the source of the nectar is on the side of the hive toward the sun; if the bee descends the comb during its run, the nectar is located on the side away from the sun.

Last winter, when I talked to Dr. von Frisch during his visit to America, he was on the trail of one of the most amazing of all his discoveries. The great compound eyes of the honeybee, formed of thousands of six-sided lenses, are color blind to red but can see ultraviolet light that is blackness to us. They also, he believed, can analyze polarized light coming from the sky. The light from each patch of blue is polarized so its plane of vibration varies with the position of the sun.

By constructing a model bee's eye with sections of Polaroid and covering the glass of his observation hive with similar material, von Frisch proved his theory.

Each section of the sky, to the bee, has its characteristic pattern, depending upon the position of the sun. It sees patterns where we see only blue. And these patterns provide it with a compass in the sky.

Once the bee arrives above the blooms it is seeking, the perfume of the flowers leads it to the nectar. Von Frisch found he could train bees to come to nearly 40 different odors, including such unusual ones as peppermint, by feeding them scented sugar-water.

Recently, another European scientist has been applying this technique to increasing the yield of certain clovers. Before releasing his bees, he feeds them sweets scented

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with the clover perfume. Then, when the insects are turned loose, they fly only to these flowers.

Nectar is merely the raw material of honey. You might collect a ton of nectar and never have a drop of honey. You need the bee to produce the transformation. Enzymes within its body start the change even while it is flying back to the hive. There, it passes the sweet fluid from its crop to other bees which, in turn, add other enzymes before storing the fluid in open cells where excess moisture evaporates and the nectar becomes honey. Four hundred pounds of this concentrated sweet—representing almost 15,000,000 flights afield by the nectar-gatherers—are required to feed a large colony during the course of a year.

WITHIN THE sweet-smelling darkness of the hive, flanked by the treasure vaults of the honeycomb, tens of thousands of cells form the nursery of the bee colony. This is the domain of the queen. After her one mating flight, she never leaves the hive again. While years pass and younger queens lead the surplus bees away to form new colonies, she continues laying eggs.

Fed on royal jelly, a gland extract produced by her attendants, she sometimes deposits her own weight in eggs in one day. During the course of her lifetime, she may lay 1,000,000 eggs. Each egg hatches into a white, blind, legless grub that eats, in the case of the worker, as many as 1,300 meals a day and increases its size 1,570 times in less than six days—a feat comparable to a mouse growing to the size of a hippopotamus in a week. Then it stops eating. It spins a thin cocoon about itself and the nurse bees cover the cell with a porous wax cap.

Hidden from sight, the grub develops eyes, legs, jaws, antennae. At the end of three weeks, it bites its way to freedom. In a large colony, 1,000 new bees a day make their appearance from brood-comb that may contain 40,000 cells.

Although the population of the hive is equal to that of a city, each worker busies herself with some task contributing to the general welfare. Some make wax, others store honey, care for the queen in a royal court, or guard the entrance to the hive, and still others fan their wings to send currents of fresh air through the interior, air conditioning their homes.

For about two weeks, each new bee labors in the hive, its tasks dictated by the sequence of glands developing within its body. At the end of that time, it leaves the redolent interior of the hive for the flower-filled out-of-doors. The rest of its life is spent ranging the fields for nectar and pollen.

The bee lives in a silent world, for it has no ears. It sleeps with its eyes open, smells with two stick-like antennae attached by ball-and-socket joints to the front of its head, and walks on a series of tripods, moving the middle leg on one side in unison with the front and rear legs on the other side. Its feet are equipped with needle-sharp claws for clinging to rough surfaces and sticky pads for adhering to smooth landing places.

Its legs provide it with a whole kit of tools and aids, ranging from combs to spine-rimmed baskets for carrying pollen. They also represent organs of taste. A bee tastes with

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its legs as well as with its tongue.

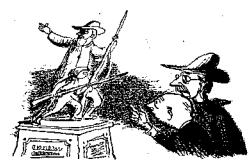
Thus, with tasting legs, eyes that see ultraviolet and polarized rays, wings that permit it to fly in all directions, and last but far from least, a sting at the tip of its pointed abdomen with which to protect its hard-won wealth—a sting almost as hard as iron, barbed like a porcupine quill, and channeled like a hypodermic needle—the honeybee spends the days of warm weather storing up food and fuel for the months of cold. For honey not only nourishes the colony, it can be said to warm the hive as well.

Von Frisch's discovery of the language of the bees, in which a dance directs other bees where nectar will be found, has an amazing counterpart in a jigging marathon that continues without pause all winter. Within the hive, as cold weather arrives, the colony forms a loosely knit ball of insects which expands or contracts as the temperature rises or falls. Inside the ball, some of the insects begin a honeybee dance. They jig from side to side, step forward and backward and, keeping in continual motion, heat up their bodies by exercise and raise the temperature around them.

The massed bees outside form an insulating shell that keeps the heat from dissipating. From time to time, the outer bees trade places with the dancers. Thus, transforming honey through physical exercise into heat, the bees warm their hive. During the bitterest cold, the temperature is as much as 65 degrees higher inside the hive than outside.

In this fashion, without migrating and without hibernating, the honeybee survives through the months of cold. It alone, among all the creatures of the earth, has devised this method of outwitting winter. Its unique insect furnace is but another proof of the honeybee's right to the title of the most amazing, as well as the most valuable, of all the insects.

Standing Tributes



THE VISITOR to Block Island, Rhode Island, came on a monument commemorating a little-known historical incident in which, almost three centuries ago, the early settlers raised an army of 16 men and a boy and boldly challenged 300 Indians to a pitched battle to decide their right to remain unmolested on the island.

"It doesn't say who won," the visitor told an old inhabitant.

The oldster was slow to give his answer, but when it finally came it was worth the delay. "No, it don't," he drawled. "But it wasn't the Indians that put up the monument, was it?" —GREGORY SPOONER

A YOUNG REPORTER once asked Calvin Coolidge for his opinion on a newly published "debunking" biography of George Washington. The President, turning, glanced out through the big window in his office, then observed casually:

"I see the monument is still standing." —THOMAS L. STOKES

(*New York Times Magazine*)

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Grin and

A WIDOW VISITED a spiritualist medium who soon had her in contact with her late husband. It was a tense moment.

"Dear John, are you happy there?"

"Very happy," replied the departed one.

"Happier than you were here with me?"

"Yes, much happier now."

"John, dear, what's Heaven like?"

"I'm not in Heaven, dear!"

—*Twaddle*

THE TEXTBOOKS used in his school were hopelessly out of date but Mr. Smithers, the superintendent of education, could not be persuaded that they should be replaced by more modern ones. That is—until one night when Mr. Smithers telephoned his assistant and exclaimed excitedly: "Call a meeting of the board right away. We must have up-to-date books—and immediately!"

"What convinced you our present ones are out of date?" his assistant wanted to know.

"A problem my boy read out of his arithmetic book," Smithers snarled. "It begins: 'If a plumber gets three dollars a day—' "

—HOWARD HERRICK

"IN THE SYNAGOGUE I heard men praying," said the puzzled young boy. "It must be awfully hard for God."

"Why?" asked the rabbi gently.

"The woodcutter was praying for cold weather."

"Naturally," the rabbi said. "He makes his living cutting wood for our stoves. The colder it is, the more wood he sells."

"But the fruit seller prayed for mild weather."

"Well," said the rabbi, "he stores autumn fruit to sell in the winter, and severe cold would freeze his stored fruit."

"The farmer prayed for rain, and the brickmaker for dry weather. They are godly men. How does God know how to answer all their prayers?"

"How is the weather now?" asked the rabbi.

"Dry . . . and mild."

"And last week?"

"Let me see . . . on Monday and Tuesday it rained...and on Thursday it was cold."

"See?" said the rabbi.

—*Eternal Light* (NBC)

A PROFESSOR of English literature in a certain Southern college included in his examination questions the query: "What did Shakespeare do in his experimental period?"

He naturally expected the students to provide the titles of some of the great master's early plays, but one knowing young lady removed the curse of dullness from her paper by replying, "He married Anne Hathaway." —*Wall Street Journal*

MR. W. IS A BIT old-fashioned and it is doubtful that he will ever quite accustom himself to his extremely modern wife. The other

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Share It

night, when she came down in her new evening gown, he greeted her with: "Don't you think that dress is a little extreme, dear? It seems rather low cut to me."

"What of it?" retorted Mrs. W., who is rather pretty in a middle-aged sort of way. "Are these people coming to see me or my dress?"

"Well," observed Mr. W., "whichever it is, they ought to be satisfied." —Larry Exline

THE CHIVALRY of the ante-bellum South is not dead, according to Kay Kyser. He defines a typical old-fashioned Southern gentleman as a man who hadn't embraced his wife for six months, but shot another man who did.

—Bennett Cerf, *Laughter, Inc.* (Garden City Books)

A MAN WENT to an insurance office to have his life insured. The insurance agent asked, "Do you drive?"

"No," said the applicant.

"Do you fly?"

"No," answered the applicant a second time.

"Sorry, sir," said the agent curtly, "but our company no longer insures pedestrians." —*Christian Observer*

THE NEWS THAT JOE had lost his job got around quickly, and a nosey friend asked: "Why did the foreman fire you?"

"You know what a foreman is—" Joe shrugged, "—the one who stands around and watches the other men work."

"What's that got to do with it?" his friend wanted to know.

"Well, he just got jealous of me," Joe explained. "People thought *I* was the foreman." —*Pine Echoes*

A WOMAN COMPLAINED to a friend that the walls of her new apartment were so thin that the neighbors on either side could hear everything she said.

"Oh, I think you could eliminate that trouble," the other replied. "Just hang some tapestries over your walls."

The woman considered the suggestion briefly, then shook her head.

"No, that wouldn't do," she replied. "Then we couldn't hear what they say." —*Christian Science Monitor*

OVERHEARD in a local home this spring while the head of the house was away:

"Please."

"No!"

"Oh, please."

"No!"

"Just this once."

"I said no."

"Aw, Mom, please, all the kids are going barefoot now."

—Vallejo *Times-Herald*

Why not be a contributor to "Grin and Share It"? It's easy, it's fun, and it's profitable! Just send along that funny story you heard or read, telling us its source—newspaper, magazine, radio program. Payment for accepted stories will be made upon publication. Address material to "Grin and Share It" Editor, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Grin and Share It" contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

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"CV" Glasses for Better Vision

by JOHN L. SPRINGER

A new type of optical lens has been devised to erase the "blind spot" of middle age

THE GRAY-HAIRED TYPIST held the typewritten paper away from her at arm's length. "One mistake after another," she thought despairingly. "I don't know what has come over me lately . . ."

For months, her typing had grown steadily worse. Now the inevitable had happened. With an expression of concern, the supervisor called her into his office.

"Miss Lewis," he said, handing her the card of an eye doctor, "why don't you make an appointment to see him? Perhaps he can help you. But if he can't . . ." he lowered his glance—"I'm afraid we'll have to find another typist."

Next morning, Helen Lewis sat trembling in the doctor's office. He examined her eyes thoroughly for almost an hour. Then he spoke quietly. "What you need are new glasses with Continuous Vision lenses," he said. "With them, your troubles may be over."

He was right. A few weeks later, Miss Lewis was typing again with her old accuracy and confidence. Instead of a bitter prospect of idleness, she now faces years of fruitful employment.

This success story is one of thousands credited to the helpful new sight saver of the middle-aged and old—the Continuous Vision lens. Most persons are familiar with bifocal lenses. CV lenses go one important step further.

In bifocals, one part of the lens usually enables wearers to see well at distances and another makes reading easier. But older persons often cannot see properly at arm's length—from 18 to 50 inches away. Literally, this is a blind spot. Often their careers and happiness—sometimes even their lives—depend on science's ability to remove the blind spot. To do this job, the CV lens was designed.

A survey conducted at Ohio State

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University's Department of Physics under the direction of Dr. Vincent Ellerbrock showed that this new lens has helped persons in scores of different occupations.

Four customers caught a neighborhood butcher misreading his scales and stopped trading at his shop. He halted further inroads on his business by getting fitted for the new lenses. Bookkeepers unable to read from ledgers while operating an accounting machine found the glasses enabled them to do both. Until fitted with CV lenses, tailors found it uncomfortable to cut clothing at normal working distance, two to three feet from their eyes.

Middle-aged drill-press operators made costly errors without "middle vision" aid. Clergymen trying to read announcements in their pulpits bent so far from their notes that their voices were strained. One minister, wearing his first CV glasses, reported: "I won't have to memorize sermons any more!"

ALTHOUGH single-lens glasses were developed nearly 700 years ago, and Benjamin Franklin invented bifocals in the 18th century, it was not until late in the 19th century that three-focus glasses were first made. Turn-of-the-century files in British and American patent offices bulge with records of crude inventions. But always, one or more parts of the lens failed to provide clear and comfortable vision.

Years more of experimentation went on before a British optical researcher, Alfred Emerson, found a way to mass-produce the lenses which enabled wearers to move their eyes from one part of the lens to another without seeing movement in the field of view. In the 1930s, an American firm, the Univis Lens Company, acquired rights to make the lenses the Emerson way, but orders came in slowly.

Then World War II forced American industries to hire millions of older workers. This key fact was high-lighted: older workers' work was only as good as their eyes, and in most cases their eyes were only as good as their glasses.

In a dramatic test, the Navy examined workers in an ordnance plant and then reviewed their accident records. In every type of job, from electroplaters and welders to painters, workers with adequate eyesight or eyeglasses had amazingly fewer accidents than those with inferior eyesight!

With these findings substantiated in scores of other cases, industries continued to demand vision tests for employees at the war's end. Results were almost unanimous: with faulty vision corrected, employees boosted their efficiency, raised their earnings, and greatly improved their general health.

CV lenses were put in general use only 12 years ago. Now 500,000 people wear them. What is behind these phenomenal gains?

First, a new type of glass, developed by the Corning Glass Works for the Univis company, greatly improves the optical performance of the lenses and has made possible higher quality at lower costs. Other manufacturers in turn have improved their production methods.

Second, the techniques necessary to successful prescribing and fitting of the new lenses have been developed by extensive research.

Is it easy to wear the Continuous

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Vision glasses? Doctors say most people get used to them without discomfort. Results of a research project, announced recently by Dr. Robert Bannon of Dartmouth's Optics Department, revealed that 98 per cent of 150,000 wearers of these new lenses were enthusiastic about the better vision they enjoyed.

It should be emphasized that a person cannot ask for CV glasses in an optical shop or buy them in stores. They are prescribed only by physicians and optometrists, who are scientifically equipped to determine the need for this type of lens. Buying glasses of any type, without proper prescription by experts, may cause serious eye difficulties.

Meanwhile, hundreds of thousands of Americans are learning to agree with the quip of a veteran comedian, who says:

"Continuous Vision glasses are a big improvement over bifocals. You know what bifocals are for—they're for reading. But CV lenses are made so you can *see* what you are reading!"

Celebrity Sidelights

THE LITTLE OLD LADY was having lunch with her granddaughter in the diner of a crack extra-fare express. Hearing the waiter address by name a distinguished-looking man across the aisle, she grew greatly excited, seized a menu, and murmured to her granddaughter, "I'm going to get his autograph." After a few words with the celebrity, the little old lady came triumphantly back, whispered, "I got it," and settled to her soup.

Presently, with a courtly bow towards grandmother, the man left the car and granddaughter inquired, "What did you say to him to get his autograph?"

"Oh," beamed grandmother, "I just told him how much our Chrysler car means to us and how pleased I was to make his acquaintance and he gave me his autograph right away."

Granddaughter had the grace to be silent, for the name written on grandmother's menu was "Fritz Kreisler." —ORVILLE E. REED

AT THE HOME of a friend, Lord Carson discussed a spirited debate which had that day taken place in the House of Commons. Observing that his host's young son was taking an obvious interest in the conversation, and that the youngster had been present at the Parliamentary debate, Lord Carson turned to him and remarked:

"And you, young sir, what did *you* think of it all?"

The boy considered the matter for a few moments, then, choosing his words carefully, he soberly replied, "Sir, I think the ship of state is moving in troubled waters."

Thus was witnessed the first flowering of that noble rhetoric which was to elevate its master to world-wide fame. Winston Churchill had delivered his first political pronouncement! —RANDOLPH SHELTON

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They Shop for Super Service

by E. C. ALBRIGHT

Willmark investigators help make customers happier and salespeople more efficient

A SMARTLY DRESSED young woman recently checked in at a well-known New York hotel. She strolled casually to the elevator as the bellboy struggled with two very heavy valises.

After they reached her room on the twelfth floor, she sent him back to the lobby for a newspaper. On his return she handed him a dress to be cleaned. After he ran still another errand—to a main-floor drugstore for toiletries—she dropped a 50-cent piece into his hand.

The eyes of the bellboy blazed. "Lady," he growled, "I think you need this more than I do." Angrily he tossed the half-dollar on a dresser and stormed from the room, slamming the door behind him.

For three days the woman remained in the hotel. She ate at its restaurants, called room service for a dozen small errands, cashed checks, left long messages with telephone operators.

A few days later, the hotel manager had a thick sheaf of notes before him. He called the bellboy into his office and fired him. He sent a sharp warning to the coffee-shop waitress who had kept joking with her boy friend, ignoring the woman customer. The beauty-parlor operator was complimented for her courtesy and eagerness to serve, but was told that her breath was offensive. For cheerful service, the telephone operator won a handsome raise.

The well-dressed woman actually was a representative of the Willmark Service System, a unique organization which reports on how employees of more than 3,000 American businesses treat their customers. In her room she kept a dossier which her Willmark office submitted to the management—an invaluable record enabling the hotel to see itself as guests see it.

At the same time, a thousand other anonymous Willmark repre-

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sentatives shopped at super-markets, department stores, beauty salons, hot-dog stands, amusement parks, gas stations. At one shop, a woman tried on eight pairs of shoes and found something wrong with each. "I'm sorry," she said, "but I'm on my feet a great deal and must be comfortable."

"Make up your mind," the clerk sneered, "I don't have all day!"

The shopper left the store, pulled a notebook from her purse, and wrote down the remark, word for word. A week later, after a talk with his employer, the clerk promised he would be polite to all customers—even innocent-looking strangers.

"Our shoppers are not cops," says Maxwell I. Schultz, Willmark's executive vice-president. "They simply report what they discover as ordinary shoppers.

"Except in unusual cases when customers complain, management knows little of the indifferent and inefficient services some employees render. To find these things out, 3,000 organizations pay us to send professional analysts, or shoppers, into their stores regularly to make test purchases."

A SHOPPER MUST BE a born actor. One day she buys hamburger in a run-down neighborhood. Next day she looks at mink coats. She must never let salesclerks guess that she might be a professional. Even if the clerks become angry, she never criticizes, never argues.

In a typical New York workday, Shopper Jean Nichols priced skirts at a Fifth Avenue dress salon, met a male co-worker and lunched at a tony restaurant near Rockefeller Center, then spent the afternoon sipping cocktails at a famous race track. She seemed to be quite carefree. Actually she watched every detail of their waiters' services.

Next day Jean donned a plain print dress and stopped at a soda fountain for a lemonade. The clerk greeted her with: "What can I do for you, dream girl?"

When Jean left, she put his exact words on paper.

Next, as Mrs. Middle-class Shopper, she pushed a cart through a super-market. At the check-out counter, as the attendant finished ringing up her purchases, she remembered she needed spaghetti. "Eighteen cents more," the clerk said. She paid and watched. He failed to ring up the 18 cents!

Rigid training teaches Willmark analysts to observe how clerks write receipts and ring up sales. Drawn-out methods of making change, they find, waste time, annoy customers—and increase the possibility that the clerk is pocketing some.

Not long ago a shopper bought a patent medicine in a Midwestern chain store. Her routine report told the owners the clerk had not rung up the sale. Investigation revealed that he had stolen $28,000 this way before being detected.

In a single day, a shopper may spend as much as $100. Each month Willmark buys merchandise worth a million dollars and then ships it back for refunds.

Analyzing the faults of salesclerks is not the main part of the shoppers' job. They also submit many sales suggestions, advising on the kind of approach that helps a customer make up his mind or buy additional merchandise.

Some phrases almost always kill

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sales. One amply endowed woman entered a crowded San Francisco dress shop. An experienced clerk approached and asked loudly, "Size, please?" Sensitive about her bulk, the red-faced woman stormed from the store, and never returned.

"Never ask the size," Willmark urges. "Also never ask what price customers want to pay. They often do not know. And anyone intending to spend a small sum may be embarrassed."

" 'Anything else?' " they find, is an almost useless question. "It is too easy for the customer to say no." Instead, "After you sell one article, suggest the purchase of an additional related item. If your customer has just bought a tennis racket, suggest tennis balls."

Willmark shoppers once dramatically showed a large Midwestern drug chain how suggestions build sales. They made 1,000 calls, buying what salesclerks suggested. Sales totaled only $18—less than two cents per call. Willmark then helped re-train the clerks. Shoppers made another 1,000 calls. Now extra sales reached the impressive sum of $800—80 cents per call!

Although they play many roles, Willmark analysts seldom have been identified by clerks. Once, a chain-store clerk boasted that he could identify the shoppers almost instantly. Worried store executives called Schultz.

"I dare him to do it," said Schultz calmly.

Four times within a month, the clerk reported he had served a shopper. The manager relayed this to Schultz. "That's odd," Schultz replied. "Actually, not one of our representatives was even inside your place during that entire month!"

Analysts seldom go back to any store a second time. To keep their identities secret, they usually move from city to city. Some traveling shoppers make as many one-night stands as do traveling salesmen.

WILLMARK WAS FOUNDED in 1917 by two brothers, William and Mark Bernstein. Students of retailing, they discovered that how clerks treated customers often spelled success or failure in retail business. Combining their first names, they began the Willmark service in 1917.

From small New York offices the system spread throughout the U. S. until it now boasts 33 branches from which shoppers call—sometimes twice a week, sometimes only quarterly—on 30,000 business units in 3,200 cities. Most shoppers are women, but 30 per cent are men who call on gas stations, taverns, and other male domains.

All types of businesses use Willmark's service. A brokerage firm, seeking a report on its customers' men, hired Willmark analysts to buy and sell in the stock market. A sharp drop in receipts puzzled operators of a toll bridge in New England. Willmark investigators found attendants pocketing the tolls.

Schultz, a former retail consultant, joined Willmark in 1931. He created the "Selling Quotient Report," a one-sheet report on which analysts mathematically rate a salesperson's performance. This report answers such questions as:

Was the clerk chewing gum or smoking on duty? Was the clerk's expression pleasant on approaching? Was she familiar with prices? Were her fingernails clean? Did

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she make you wait for service? Did she stress the benefits from more or better merchandise? Did she show you this merchandise?

Analysts check yes or no answers and then figure the score according to a point system. Armed with these figures, store managers often hold meetings to correct faulty sales habits or to reward clerks who win high ratings.

Schultz also introduced for manufacturers a service reporting what clerks tell shoppers about their products. Recently he added a quiz-show approach, "The Mystery Shopper." It works like this:

A shopper walked into a grocery store and asked the clerk whether a certain brand of soap powder would get her windows clean.

"It will clean your windows faster than anything else because it contains several secret ingredients," the clerk replied promptly. "Scientific tests prove its cleansing action is faster, more thorough than any other brand."

"Perfect!" said the Mystery Shopper to the astonished clerk. "In your sales talk, you have stressed the points the manufacturer wishes you to stress. Because of that, you have just won $25."

Salesmanship

A YOUNG BOY who was at that embarrassing stage where his voice was in the process of changing, went into a grocery store one day. He asked the clerk for a sack of flour. As the clerk turned his back to get the flour off the shelf, the boy's voice suddenly changed to a very high pitch as he said: "And a box of crackers, please."

Without turning around, the clerk said in an irritable tone, "Just a minute; I can't wait on both of you at once." —*Wall Street Journal*

THE SPRIGHTLY LADY, who had just celebrated her 66th birthday, wished to purchase a hat. But she didn't want one of those postage-stamp, over-the-eye creations. Summoning a saleswoman, she said firmly: "I want to buy a hat, something suitable for an elderly lady."

The saleswoman hesitated, looked bewildered, and asked: "Did you want something for your mother?"

The lady bought two hats. —*Your Life*

AN IMPRESSIVE young man who, incidentally, is sure to be blacklisted by the door-to-door salesmen's guild, called on me recently.

"Here is just what you've been looking for. It's only 50 cents and it stops petty annoyance, prevents drafts, and saves time," he said, displaying a neatly printed metal sign: NO SALESMEN ALLOWED.

"I'll take it," I smiled, both pleased and amused.

"I'm sure you'll find it effective," he said. "But before you put it up let me show you—" and with a disarming grin he opened a sample case full of the usual assortment of kitchen gadgets. —ROY G. LOUGHARY

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nothing; but in Paris, they have a
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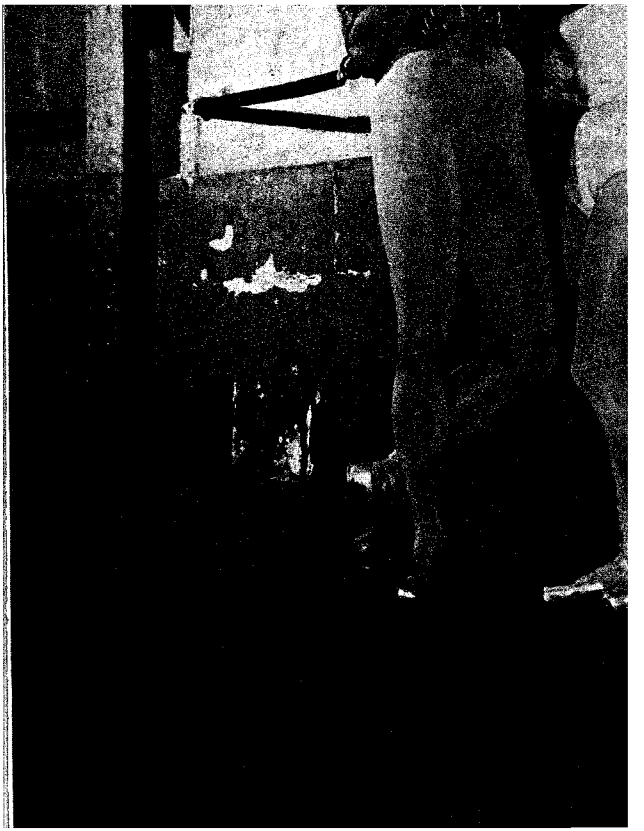

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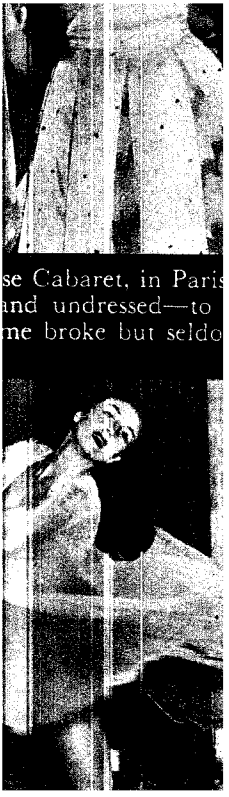

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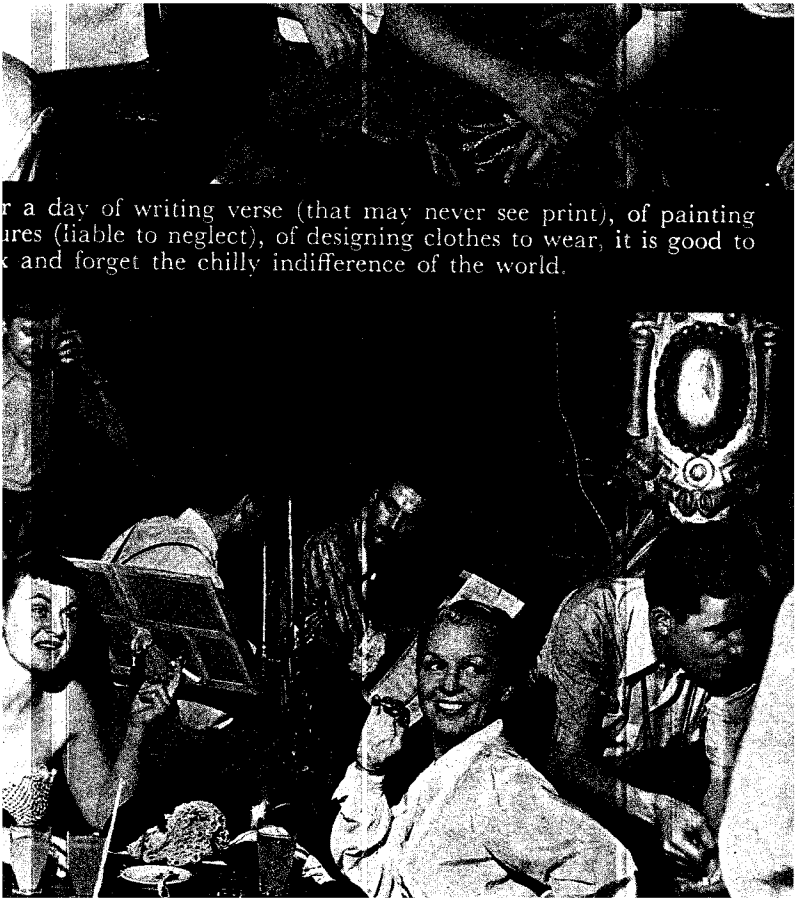

r a day of writing verse (that may never see print), of painting
ures (liable to neglect), of designing clothes to wear, it is good to
x and forget the chilly indifference of the world.

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The night clubs of the Place Pigalle are
pursuits. Backstage, however, the showg
grandmotherly zeal if not precisely in gra

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Late as it is, the trombone still sounds a few last festive notes, which must be uttered before the customers can go. Here, in the Club des Lorientais, the jazz is so hot that it takes a long time to cool.

Now darkness is rolling ahead, toward the broad Atlantic, toward New York and back to San Francisco. It carries pleasure with it, but leaves the memory of whirling words and music and a last embrace.

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Thelma Ritter's Road to Stardom

by CAROL HUGHES

Success was slow in catching up with a modest suburban housewife who has been stage-struck ever since she was a child

IF SOMEONE WROTE a movie script titled "The Life of Thelma Ritter and Joe Moran," producers would toss it away with the comment: "Unrealistic—couldn't happen."

Thelma and Joe, who happen to be Mr. and Mrs., understand the feelings of millions of people who try to win jackpots, sweepstakes, and so-called easy money. They never won much cash, but Joe won almost everything else, from tons of dry cereal to dozens of gold watches. Their try was strictly from hunger. Not to win was not to eat, since Joe and Thelma were unemployed and radio contests were their sole means of support.

Although the Morans never hit a jackpot, when they finally edged themselves out and hunger passed their door, both won individual sweepstakes. Joe became an executive in one of New York's largest advertising agencies—Young & Rubicam. And Thelma hit the biggest jackpot of all—stardom in Hollywood. Now, after 24 years of marriage, the Morans are sitting on top of the world.

It was a long road that Thelma Ritter followed from her modest Long Island apartment to Southern California. For 40 years, Hollywood made its pictures without Thelma. Today, her bleak face, her casual slouching into a scene and stealing it with a wisecrack, have in nine pictures become a Ritter trademark. Thelma seems to know instinctively the right inflection for a line; how to put meaning into the most economical gesture; when to pause and when to throw lines away; and how to polish off an opponent with a devastating phrase.

The results seem little short of sensational for this suburban housewife with two children and no previous screen experience. Actually, they are the outgrowth of long experience in stock.

Those years are now paying off beyond Thelma's wildest dreams. When she had her first minor role in *Miracle on 34th Street*, she stood in line at the theater to see herself on

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the screen for the first time. When she got inside, she sat in the balcony behind two housewives.

When one of the women looked at her on the screen and said, "My God, get the face on that one!"—Thelma shuddered happily. She had achieved her goal—to be outstanding in her own way.

After those few brief lines in *Miracle on 34th Street*, Thelma had no difficulty in being noticed. Thousands of people asked, "Who is she?" Critics acclaimed her. Producers competed to get her for a picture.

"It's all the luck that Joe and I never had in our years in stock," says Thelma wistfully.

THE PROFESSIONAL LIVES of Joe and Thelma run a close parallel. Both were stage-struck from childhood; both played in stock companies until they nearly starved; both would do anything between times if there was a chance of getting back in show business. That is why Thelma Ritter is fortunate today in being married to Joseph Moran—the world's most enthusiastic stage husband.

"Thelma would rather act than eat, and many times has," he comments wryly.

Thelma has been at it professionally since the age of eight. "I was an obnoxious child actress," she once confessed, "the poor man's Cornelia Otis Skinner." Born on Hart Street in Brooklyn on St. Valentine's Day ("How corny can you get?" she has quipped), she was an only child. Her father was a fine baritone and sang in a church choir, but that is as close as her parents ever came to show business.

Thelma's stage career began at childhood parties, graduated to the Masonic circuit, and finally to school plays where she played Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the age of 11. Then, when she was a senior at Brooklyn's Manual Training High School, she was doing bits in stock companies around New York. After graduation she worked at various jobs—all to earn enough money to attend the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

After two years at the Academy, Thelma did walk-on parts in a stock company in Elizabeth, New Jersey. Thelma has commented on her early stage years: "I was always the maid in the family, the friend of the family, the passing pedestrian, or just anything that stood around and said nothing." Thelma's eyes light in remembrance. "I was in the theater for three years before anyone called me by name."

Gradually, however, Thelma got to think of the stage as a steady job and had a few ingénue leads in her stock company.

Joe's life had been a very bleak affair—if you discount his personality. From childhood, he refused to accept such a word as pessimism.

"I know very little about Mother and Father, since she died before I was a year old and he before I was three," Joe says matter-of-factly. "Mother, born in Wisconsin, was not a professional but she did paint in an amateur way. The only picture I have of Father shows him in a conductor's uniform, standing before one of the last horsecars in Baltimore."

There were two children, Joseph and Mary, whom the grandfather took over when the parents died. Even while Joe attended Baltimore

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Polytechnic Institute, studying engineering, he dreamed of being an actor "to make money to help out at home." When he won a scholarship to Johns Hopkins University, Joe switched to a liberal-arts course and kept working in drugstores in his spare time.

IN HIS LAST year at Hopkins, Joe met Russell Hicks, who had been graduated from Poly and was now a member of a stock company in New Jersey. Russell invited Joe to come up and play some small parts. The engagement stretched out into two years, with six matinees a week, but Joe didn't mind—he had met Thelma. But to her the meeting didn't mean a thing.

Joe was dressed for the theater. He wore tight trousers and fancy brown shoes with gray tops, and "had airs." Thelma quipped, "Get this Joe College—he thinks he's the world's gift to the American stage!"

Joe, however, had no intention of being ignored, and after 24 years of marriage still speaks as romantically about her as he did on that faraway day: "I was a goner the first time I saw her."

Little by little, he says, "I wore her down," and Thelma finally decided that he was what she had been looking for all the time. But whether they could afford each other was the problem. Stock didn't pay much in those days. Nevertheless, in April, 1927, Thelma Ritter became Mrs. Joseph Moran at Little Falls, New Jersey.

Such a wedding of qualities, theater devotion, and determination would seem to be headed for the top. The opposite proved true. Thelma and Joe were always on the fringe, but success lay just beyond their grasp.

On the few times they reached Broadway, their plays were flops. They tried vaudeville, one-night stands, summer stock, anything that would keep them in their beloved show business, but fate was always working against them.

By 1932, they had to admit it—they were jobless and broke. They had rented a small apartment in Sunnyside, New York, and as Thelma forthrightly admits: "Even a spoonful of gravy was hard to come by in those days. If Joe had not been so smart, we probably would have starved to death."

One morning he was listening to the radio, wondering where the money for the rent was coming from, when he heard a contest announced over the air. They were giving away a gold watch every week for eight weeks, if you sent a tea box and the winning limerick. Joe sat up and did some figuring. A watch ought to be worth a few dollars. Counting his nickels, he headed for the grocery to buy tea.

Feeling a little silly about the whole thing, he didn't say a word to Thelma. But the following week, Joe got his gold watch, and for six consecutive weeks he got a watch a week. "How long has this been going on?" he observed, and headed for the pawnshop with his collection of timepieces.

Soon he discovered that he had struck gold. He drove himself hollow-eyed, poring over jingles and improving sponsors' ads. "I won the next 50 contests I tried," he says. Soon the Morans got accustomed to having their closets bulging with merchandise, cereals,

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canned goods, and pieces of jewelry.

For the next two years Joe registered few misses. He not only supported himself and Thelma very well, but the first year won $5,000 and the second year $15,000. Then the inevitable happened, for Joe had to take such calculated risks as using several names and addresses.

One day, he was so good that he won all three prizes in the same national contest. Naturally, the sponsors had hoped to give wide publicity to the big winners. Their humiliation when the same person turned up three times brought remorse even to Joe.

All was not lost, however. His feat inspired so healthy a respect for his prowess that Young & Rubicam reasoned: "If the fellow is that good, he must be a whiz."

They asked him to look over the copywriters' shoulders for a spell and see what he could do for $35 a week. Joe did plenty.

"As I grew into the job, I found myself handling such stars as Lawrence Tibbett, Jack Benny, Burns and Allen, Kate Smith, and a host of others," he says today. "All I was doing was putting showmanship into selling messages on radio."

Today he is the agency's vice-president and associate director of radio-television. His duties include supervision of production on "Pulitzer Prize Playhouse" (TV); "Mr. District Attorney" (radio); and supervising commercials on "The Goldbergs" and Fred Waring's TV program. He is also responsible for planning radio and television for such enterprises as General Electric, International Silver, and Bristol-Myers. As Thelma boasts:

"Joe made a living and a career out of thin air, but more important, he brought us security enough to afford a family. I decided we were both through with show business, and settled down to be a housewife."

The early experience of living on a haphazard income was later to prove a blessing for Thelma, but at the time she hardly viewed it as such. Living in the same apartment house with the unemployed Ritter-Moran combination was the future wife of George Seaton, also broke, also a great friend.

Thelma was to have cause to be grateful years later. But after Joe became an executive at Young & Rubicam, he and Thelma took a comfortable apartment in Forest Hills, Long Island, and in 1937 their first child, Joseph Anthony Moran, came along, followed by Monica Ann in 1940. Thelma settled down to being Mrs. Joseph Moran, and looked no more toward wandering stock companies.

It was inevitable, however, that the life of a housewife should bore Thelma, and so, with the approval of Joe, she started to make the rounds of radio in 1944. At first, radio was indifferent to Thelma, since her appearance so belies her ability. She stuck around, however, and finally emerged on such shows as "Theatre Guild on the Air" and "Big Town."

Thelma was happy at last. She and Joe were both in a business they loved, they had two good incomes, and two happy, healthy children. Then destiny intervened.

Thelma learned that her old friends, the Seatons, were coming to town, but with what a difference! George was now a top director at 20th Century-Fox, and he and his

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wife would visit Thelma and Joe while George directed a picture called *Miracle on 34th Street*—to be made at Macy's in New York. For old time's sake, director Seaton asked Thelma to do a walk-on bit "to bring him luck."

Thelma went to the store on a Sunday, expecting to say her one line quietly in a corner. She found Macy's crowded with hundreds of extras, lights, and cameras. By the time Seaton called out: "O.K., Thelma, we're ready for you," she was "breathing only from memory." She did her short, flustery housewife scene and hurried home to Forest Hills, relieved that the ordeal was over.

At the end of each shooting day, the film was rushed to Darryl Zanuck in Hollywood. Zanuck took one look at Thelma and the wires began to burn. "Put her on a plane, send her out here immediately, build up her part!"

In one scene, in one line, Thelma had shone like a star.

Film patrons backed Zanuck's perception with a decisive roar. They loved her immediately. Her stock took another vaulting leap in the small part of Sadie in *A Letter to Three Wives*. For her role of Birdie, written especially for her in *All About Eve*, she was nominated for the Academy Award as best supporting actress.

By now, the fans were yelling for more of Ritter; film critics saved their best phrases for her; Zanuck knew he had a gold mine. Meanwhile the dazed Thelma had a contract, and was swept into a whirlpool of agents, producers, cameras, and pictures.

Where before she had merely stolen scenes, she purloined the entire picture in *The Mating Season*. Now she is to be starred in *The Marriage Broker*. Charles Brackett, writer and producer of *Sunset Boulevard*, has written Thelma's part especially for her.

THELMA LOVES HOLLYWOOD, where she lives in "The Garden of Allah" Apartment Hotel. Last summer she took her two children, Tony and Nicky, along. In a town where pose and posture are considered standard, Thelma fails to make the grade. After days of tramping through apartment houses with Hedy Lamarr, who had decided to sell her house and move into an apartment, Thelma told her about a vacancy at "The Garden of Allah."

Shifting from one foot to the other, Thelma watched as Hedy stood in the middle of the floor. "Oh, I just couldn't," was Hedy's verdict. "Those drapes are so unfriendly."

Thelma plunked both feet down. "Look, Hedy," she said, "you carry on and find some friendly drapes. Me, I'm going home and take off my shoes—my feet hurt!"

The Morans have not gone pretentious in their new affluence. Still living in what they call "our apartment on the wrong side of the subway tracks," Thelma is amazed when asked if she intends to move. "Heavens, no! Why, we've lived here 14 years, I guess."

Their Forest Hills apartment is in a simple building in a simple neighborhood. The Morans have one maid of all work, and one telephone. When the children come in from school, they are likely to arrive with playmates, each of whom

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Thelma knows by his first name.

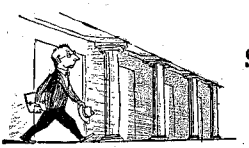
When Thelma is in Hollywood, Joe enjoys slippered contentment at home on Long Island. If the children are staying with him, they enjoy building furniture and gadgets for the family's summer cottage on Fire Island.

The close-knit family has dozens of interests. Gregarious, they love gab fests with old friends; they love to go to the movies. Thelma reads everything from "Terry and the Pirates" to Shakespeare. She once stumped the experts on "Information Please," and was rewarded with a set of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, plus $500.

Few Hollywood stars fail so signally to act the part as Thelma Ritter. At home in a pair of tailored slacks and a white blouse, she looks ten years younger than she does on the screen. She is pert and chic—even in slacks. She always refers to her husband as "my Joe"—because "there are so many Joes."

The Morans are indeed a happy family, with the promise of bringing a happy married life to Hollywood. Always Thelma has her husband's confidence and backing. "If I were offered the best part in the world," he says, "I would have it rewritten for a woman—and give it to Thelma."

So would most of Hollywood's producers right now.



Seeing Red

IF EVER AGAIN you should tend to be in awe of someone, just recall the story of Walter Kiernan, international reporter, and how he banished awe of anyone. When he was a cub reporter, he was assigned to interview former President William Howard Taft. And he was overawed. His city editor knew it.

"I'll tell you what to do," said the wise city editor. "Did you ever see your old man in his red-flannel underwear?" Kiernan's father went in for gray, not red, but the reporter nodded. "He wasn't a very impressive figure, was he?"

That was true.

"Well," continued the city editor, "your old man and William Howard Taft would look about the same in red-flannel underwear—in fact, I'll give your old man a shade the better of it. Remember that when you meet Taft. Remember that underneath a fine tailor-made suit and underneath prestige and position, Taft is just a man. Put him in his red-flannel underwear—mentally—and both of you will be comfortable."

So Kiernan went to see William Howard Taft. "My knees knocked and my throat was dry, just as I had expected," Kiernan recalls. "And then suddenly William Howard Taft's fine clothes faded away and he was standing there in red-flannel underwear and I grinned at the picture he made; and he grinned—although he didn't know what I was smiling at—and the interview went famously."

—DOUGLAS LURTON, *The Power of Positive Living* (McGraw-Hill)

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ADVENTURES IN FRIENDLINESS

UNHAPPY, DEPRESSED, a young woman on her way to a teaching job in East Chicago, Indiana, read a newspaper announcement of the annual scholarship competitions at Chicago School of Music. Yielding to a forlorn hope, she arranged for an audition.

Waiting her turn in the contest, she was dismayed by the highly professional vocalizing of her competitors. When finally her summons came from Edouardo Sacerdote, celebrated operatic coach, she approached the piano with fear and trepidation.

As she launched into her song, the youthful singer's voice quavered. She cast an anguished glance at Sacerdote. He looked at her and winked! It said to her plainly: "You're doing great. Don't be afraid. Everything will come out all right."

Instantly her hopes soared, her fear was forgotten. And she won the scholarship!

Thus did a friendly wink change the life of a frightened young woman. Irene Dunne had started up the ladder of fame.

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

TWO CHINESE, Chung and Yung, arriving in the U. S. about the same time, set up restaurants side by side. Both did quite well, but each was troubled about the amount of business he was losing to the other.

At length, when the two competitors could endure the situation no longer, they met and discussed how they might operate their respective establishments in peace and contentment.

"You manage my restaurant," Chung finally suggested, "while I manage yours."

The idea proving mutually agreeable, each man took over the management of the other's business; and after that, was perfectly happy to see patrons enter the restaurant next door.

—*Wall Street Journal*

A HABIT OF Theodore Roosevelt troubled Messmore Kendall, his personal secretary. No matter how carefully Kendall typed a letter, Teddy always made some correction or addition when he signed it.

One day Kendall retyped a letter, incorporating in it a sentence Roosevelt had added with his pen. But this met with his employer's instant disapproval. "Young man," Teddy patiently explained, "I always like to add something to a letter in my own hand. It makes it more friendly."

—ANDREW MEREDITH

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The Magic Promise of Midget Radio

by NORMAN CARLISLE

With miniature transmitters and receivers, new electronic miracles are in the making

SUDDENLY THE radar screens all over the North American continent flashed into life. The long-expected attack had come. Hurtling toward New York, Chicago, Washington, and a dozen other cities were monstrous guided missiles, each carrying a dreadful cargo of atomic destruction.

Yet, in a hundred command posts, some deep in the Rockies, some in the Arctic, some scattered along the coasts, our military men were curiously calm. There was no sign of panic or excitement, and in the menaced cities no sirens screamed to indicate impending attack.

There was reason for this lack of fear, for even as the radar screens came alive, scientists were pushing buttons on smoothly purring calculating machines. Red flashes blasted above the command posts, and a few minutes later, high in the stratosphere, there came a series of violent atomic explosions. Not a single enemy missile penetrated to an American city.

Mere wishful thinking about a possible defense in the event of atomic war? No, for at this very moment we have most of the essential secrets that can make possible the interception of guided missiles by other guided missiles. Roaring at incredible speeds, they will race toward menacing enemy space-monsters and destroy them.

Fantastic as it may seem, the key to such devices is a tiny piece of metal and glass, smaller than a thimble—an incredible little gadget in which the U. S. already has a huge investment. And, as it happens, one which already has a start at a host of peacetime jobs.

For instance, you may eventually see it at work in a hospital when a doctor walks to a machine and looks at an emerging strip of paper. "That'll be enough," he says to a man exercising in another part of the room. Miraculously, though the patient will not be connected to the machine in any way, a graph showing how his heart responds to exercise will appear on the paper.

Or witness what is happening over the California desert, where aeronautical engineers are engaged in new ways of testing a plane that hasn't been built. At 35,000 feet, they drop overboard a tiny scale model of the proposed craft. A few

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minutes later it crashes in the desert.

Though its flight is unseen and the crash destroys the plane, this scale model—and others similarly dropped—will give engineers much of the vital data they need to construct a new fighter plane.

What makes these startling things possible is radio—but radio based on a new development that promises a revolution in the field of communications. It will put radio into your life in hundreds of ways you never thought of, as it brings changes to warfare, medicine, aviation, business, and industry.

Engineers have a word for it—subminiaturization—which is their way of saying they have outdone Gulliver in discovering a new realm of smaller-than-small electronics. The trick is accomplished by making vacuum tubes and other radio parts into midgets so tiny that the tubes in your present set look like giants by comparison.

Having accomplished this miracle, the experts will fit radio into all sorts of new jobs.

Take the doctor's recording of heartbeats, for instance. The patient will have a pint-sized radio transmitter in his shirt pocket, its broadcasts picked up by an ordinary electrocardiograph. Or the business of those model planes. The craft were crammed with ultra-tiny radio equipment that broadcast to engineers on the ground just how all parts of the scale model were behaving under different flight conditions.

TO GET THE STORY of these pygmy parts, you have to go back to the period when some of America's best radio brains were presented with an appalling problem. The National Defense Research Committee had asked scientists at the Carnegie Institution to create an "impossible" radio device. What the Committee wanted was an antiaircraft shell with a "brain"—one that would *know* when it was the right distance from an enemy plane and explode with maximum damage.

Radio could do that, the scientists knew, but how could you squeeze the equivalent of a table-model radio, plus a power plant, plus a transmitter, into the nose of a 75 mm shell? The obvious answer was to make the tubes smaller—a lot smaller.

How they did it is one of the classic tales of World War II. It took an enormous amount of ingenuity, but it was done, and the development of the proximity fuse was a mighty step toward victory.

Before the scientists were through, they had all kinds of tiny tubes, as well as other midget radio parts. Since then, engineers at GE, RCA, and many other electronics firms have come up with still smaller tubes —some of them no bigger than a match head!

Amazing as these tubes may be, science has a still more startling development in a radio that doesn't need tubes at all. Its secret is a minute piece of metal called germanium, which nature's cunning has equipped to perform remarkable feats of electrical magic.

Working at the Bell Telephone Laboratories, Drs. William R. Shockley, Walter Brattain, and John Bardeen discovered that tiny crystals of the rare germanium could be made to control a flow of electrons. With this knowledge they developed the transistor, a device

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which consists of a metal base, a tiny crystal of germanium, and two hair-thin wires in a metal cylinder less than an inch long.

Visiting engineers received a jolt when, after listening to what they recognized as an ordinary ten-tube radio of standard make, the set was turned around—and they saw it had no tubes. A handful of transistors had done the job.

Because of the transistor's simplicity, it can ultimately be made very cheaply. Then, with tiny speakers and receivers hidden in pockets or feminine hair-dos, anybody can become a walking radio station.

Midget devices also promise to give us radio and television sets produced like newspapers rolling off presses. You have seen the bewildering maze of wires that makes up the circuit of an ordinary radio. Now the experts have figured a way to toss the wires away. Using metallic ink, they print "wires" on plastic. The current runs along the ink just as it would along ordinary wires. The tubes, condensers, and other parts are simply soldered to the right spots along the ink lines.

Dr. Cledo Brunetti, formerly of the National Bureau of Standards, displays amazing examples of small radio sets. For instance, there is his broadcasting station built on a plastic square that barely covers a 50-cent piece.

Dr. Brunetti likes to startle spectators by taking from his pockets a dozen or more receiving and transmitting sets of various sizes. When he produces one housed in a lipstick container, he announces: "With one exception, this is the smallest transmitter in the world."

What is the exception? Brunetti thereupon reveals a still smaller container that has been hidden between his fingers.

The possibilities for applying these super-small radios are startling. The Federal Communications Commission has officially recognized that fact by setting aside wavebands for "Citizens' Radio" as it is officially called. The first models will make the walkie-talkie of World War II look clumsy by comparison, since the combined receiver and transmitter will be no larger than a couple of packets of cigarettes.

Citizens' Radio will not have great distance coverage, but some of its most promising applications would seem to be those in which distance is no factor. For instance, a farmer at work in the fields hears a voice, "Come home for dinner, George." A waitress, instead of going to the kitchen, repeats the order as you give it, and a brooch-sized microphone pinned unobtrusively to her uniform transmits the message to a chef's loudspeaker.

SUB-MINIATURE radio parts promise to provide extensions of the human senses. For instance, there is a device that may open a new world to the blind—the reading pencil created in the RCA laboratories. This almost-human gadget can actually take an ordinary printed book and translate its words into audible messages.

It accomplishes this by the use of super-small cathode-ray tubes, to which each letter looks different. After scanning a letter, much as your eye would do, the tube transmits the proper message to a magnetic tape recorder, which reads off the appropriate sound. In present

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models, the sound is a code, which must be learned by the reader. However, there is the possibility that eventually the device will read aloud in ordinary English.

The scientists are also working on tiny radar sets that will give a blind person a sort of picture of objects in his path. In one form, different-sized objects will send out a different sound code.

Most of the new Lilliputian tubes have another amazing quality to go with their smallness. You might think that, being tiny, they would also be delicate. Instead, they are incredibly tough.

How is this possible? The answer goes back to those proximity fuses whose tubes were made so rugged that they were not only able to stand up under the impact of firing—but kept on working after the shell struck the earth!

Furthermore, scientists have developed a way of toughening a whole radio set with what they call a "potted circuit." Pick one up and what you see is a clear piece of plastic in which are embedded tubes and wires. One that is no bigger than a desk paperweight contains the works for a complete set, minus only the speaker.

The radio experts believe that this potting idea will make possible another startling innovation—a radio or TV set that you can repair yourself. The idea is to take a lot of parts—wiring, tubes, condensers, resistors, and so on—and put them in one package. It can be a plastic potted affair, or, like one recently developed unit, a tubelike "can" made of metal.

Then, when something goes wrong with any part of your set, your problem is simple. You merely insert a new unit—just the way you now replace a radio tube!

Vacation Verities

Suitcase: Something you sit on while waiting for the train.

Small Town: Any town smaller than the one you live in.
—Paul Steiner

Strapless Bathing Suit: A compromise between the law of decency and the law of gravity.

Vacation: A trip to put you in the pink—and leave you in the red!
—*Burning Question*

Vacation Time: That period when the flowers in the home garden are at their best and only the neighbors are around to enjoy them.
—*Christian Science Monitor*

Window Screen: A device to prevent the escape of insects.

Freckles: A nice sun tan—if they'd only get together.
—*Courier-Journal Magazine*

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Captain of

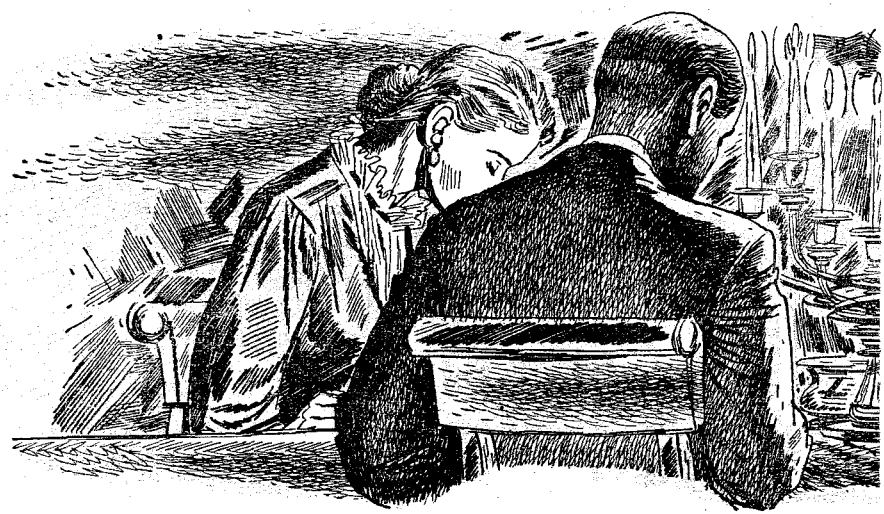
by THE REV. NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

THE S. S. STATENDAM, one of the most beautiful liners on the North Atlantic run, was bombed and burned at her dock in Rotterdam when the Nazis invaded Holland in World War II. Her skipper, my friend Capt. George Barendse, was on his way to America on another vessel at the time, his own ship having been temporarily removed from service because of war conditions.

When the Captain arrived in the U. S., he attempted to communicate with his wife and boy in Holland. He had read of the systematic bombing of Rotterdam, in which a third of the city was reduced to a shambles. But all of his attempts to reach his family were vain.

His ship destroyed, his wife and child perhaps injured or even dead, his home city in ruins, his country overrun, the Captain came to my church that tragic Sunday morning in May, 1940. I saw him sitting in the pew, seemingly crushed by sorrow. Partly for his sake I changed the selection of hymns, and the great congregation sang those noble words, "O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come," "A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark never failing," and the stirring Dutch hymn, "We gather together."

I was moved to see the Captain singing with tears in his eyes and indomitable faith in his heart.



From *Faith Is the Answer* by Norman Vincent Peale and Smiley Blanton. Copyright, 1950, by Prentice-Hall, Inc., 70 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

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His Soul

Later he lunched at our home, and a great spiritual experience took place. We talked of his ship, on which we had sailed, and of his family. Then, controlled but obviously suffering an agony of spirit, the Captain prayed a noble and courageous prayer when I asked him to say the blessing:

"God help me not to hate; give Your guidance in thought, in speech, and in action to those who rule over the countries in war and . . . may Your will be done and . . . Your kingdom come."

The words came one by one, slowly, as if hewn out of his soul.

"God watch over my wife and boy. Before my wife was mine she belonged to You; before my little boy came to me, he was Yours. They are in Your hands. I trust You. May Your will be done."

Again he searched his soul. "I pray for Hitler. God guide Hitler. He has great power over men's lives. You can change his heart, God. Help me not to hate Hitler. Help me to mean that, O God!"

There at our table, we sat awestruck before a great Christian. In this Dutch Captain, undaunted amid ruins, we saw the superb grandeur of the Christian faith, the magnificence of soul and spirit which it creates in human beings.

Something caught at our throats and stirred our hearts as we watched the triumph—the victory of faith in the soul of a man.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED FREEMAN

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A Letter to Youth on Love and Marriage

by LESLIE KEATING

This penetrating article contains a vital message for every teen-aged boy and girl

IF YOU COULD have watched yourself tonight, Jeff, as you roared through the house getting ready for your big date, you might understand why your mother and I chuckled when you finally slammed the door behind you. You were a storm of anxiety, and the way you raced the car out of the driveway made me cringe.

"It sure sounds like a big night," I said to Mother. "Who is it? The Dutton girl?"

"Oh, no," said Mother. "That was three months ago. This is a new one. She just transferred from North High."

"Our son must be quite a Romeo," I observed.

"Yes," Mother said warily. "And I hope he's behaving himself."

That's what I've been thinking about for the past few hours as I tried to concentrate on the evening newspaper. I want to believe you are behaving yourself, Jeff.

You're 17 now, and next fall will mean college for you. Seventeen . . . That makes me a little late to discuss sex with you, and maybe I'm a little early to talk about love. But there's a chance that I'm right on time for a little of both.

Let me say now, Jeff, that your mother and I may have different views on this matter of behaving yourself. If I know your mother, she'd like to keep you in the back yard until you're 23, then have you meet a nice girl and get married, all in one day. She thinks that's how it happened with us, and I'm glad. That proves she's forgotten all the fellows she knew before me, just as she made me forget the girls I knew before her.

Actually, it didn't work that way at all. There were others, and they were important. Jeff, love isn't spontaneous combustion. It's a matter of choice, a process of elimination. All those others are like preliminaries in the contest of finding the person you want to marry.

I suspect you'll follow the same pattern. There was the Dutton girl three months ago, and now this newcomer tonight, and undoubtedly several in between and many more ahead. You'll find yourself cutting down the list until you start returning again and again to a certain one because—somehow—she's got a grip on your heart, and you don't want her to let go.

Then you'll recognize each other,

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and it will seem that you just met for the first time, that there never was anyone else, that you never doubted each other. That's the idea your mother has, and it's a good idea if you can keep it alive.

You may think I'm premature, Jeff, to discuss marriage even before you have known love, but I don't know how to separate the two. Marriage evolves from love, and marriage can't succeed without love. The attitudes you're developing now towards the girls you know will establish the pattern of your conduct towards your wife.

Marriage brought new, vital experiences to your mother and me. Now, we want to believe that it will likewise hold the same newness for you. I'm sure you understand that. Undoubtedly, you've had your share of necking; all I can hope is that you've learned by this time to know when a little fun approaches a dangerous precipice.

What's the danger? Superficially, perhaps nothing. But let me put it this way, Jeff: virginity is the finest wedding gift a man and woman can give each other. The danger, then, is that a moment's enthusiasm can shatter everything we've tried to teach you at home and through church, and it taints the heart which some splendid girl somewhere is waiting for you to offer her. That, whatever your hotshot friends may tell you to the contrary, is a definite loss, and a sad one.

I WISH I COULD take all the ingredients for a successful marriage, mix them, and say: "Here, Jeff, here's happiness!" But that's not the way it happens, son. The ingredients are the same for every man and wife: it's the recipe that makes the difference. And that recipe is something each couple must work out for themselves.

I know it doesn't look that way from your side of the fence. After having a wonderful time with your date tonight, you'll come home thinking you've just been deeded an acre of heaven. That's fine. And when you meet the girl you want to marry, you'll think God has given you the whole place, and there's no feeling in the world like that. You'll want to make that happiness a permanent part of your life, and there you have it, Jeff—that is the challenge of marriage.

Don't be surprised if a sudden fear almost scares you out of marriage at the last moment. Realizing you are about to make promises you must keep for the rest of your life is enough to frighten anybody. Your mother and I felt that on our wedding day. I remember she telephoned me about an hour before the ceremony.

"Is anything wrong?" I asked.

"No," she said, but there was hesitance in her voice. "I just wondered if you're all right."

"I'm fine," I said, worried by her tone. "Are you?"

"Yes, I'm fine," she said.

We were silent for a moment, and then the horrible thought hit me. It hurt to ask, "You still want to go through with this?"

"Yes," she said, almost timidly. "Do you?"

"Sure," I said. "We'll work out everything all right."

"Of course we will," she said—but with what seemed to be more hope than confidence.

And so we met at the altar an

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hour later, still scared by the bigness of what we were beginning, and being afraid together only made us need each other more. I suspect we have always remained a little afraid. Marriage is a living thing, Jeff, and as such it is subject to change. Being a little afraid is good, because it makes you eager to please, and any changes that sprout from that attitude can only be improvements.

But your marriage can go the other way if you forget that the woman you marry will always remain an individual. When the two of you say "I do," you sign an alliance, not a surrender. Like all women, your mother thinks that she and I are not two separate people, but one soul inhabiting two bodies. That's a nice thought, Jeff, but it couldn't be true for any married couple.

Nothing miraculous takes place when two people marry: a man and a woman who love each other merely announce to the world that they're going to take a chance at the tough job of living together harmoniously. They remain their separate selves, with their own opinions, their own whims, their own interests. The harmony results from compromising those differences. And you can't ration those compromises; out of your love you develop a sensitivity that tells you when either should step back. Whether or not you obey that sensitivity decides how well you're going to get along.

At first, your mother and I went overboard, and it seemed that we both wanted to be henpecked. All our conversations started with "If you'd like to" and "If you don't mind" and "If it's all right with you . . ." Then we realized that our courtship had been so much fun because we took turns being the leader. After that, when an insurmountable difference arose, we compromised.

You're probably not aware that one of those compromises has lasted for the 20 years we've been married —I hate bridge and your mother has never been too fond of my best friend. Therefore when her bridge club meets, I go out with my friend. Should mother need a fourth, I fill in for her sake; and when I want my friend in for dinner, Mother is nice to him for my sake.

Simple? Yes. But so are all the problems of married life if you approach them with your head as well as your heart.

You'll find yourself conceding many decisions to your wife, and you should. She needs that as assurance of your confidence in her, just as she needs an unexpected bouquet, an unsolicited compliment, or a spontaneous kiss to remind her of how much you love her.

I noticed, Jeff, that out of your desire to please your date tonight, you grew increasingly excited as the big hour neared. Yet that was just a sample of what it will be like to return home to your wife each night; and when that excitement fades, merely from time and habit, an important part of your happiness will die.

IF YOU MARRY the right girl, Jeff, you will never quite lose the suddenly quick heart when you hear her footstep, or her voice on the phone, or even when you find in your pocket the shopping list she wrote for you days ago. The slight-

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est reminder of her—just referring to her as "my wife"—will hold a keen, warm pleasure which never completely fades.

Little things? Yes. But a happy marriage must have those minor miracles. You aren't in love only at Christmas or on birthdays or anniversaries; you're in love every minute, and 60 seconds is just enough time for hands to touch, for eyes to meet in a crowded room, for smiles to exchange a hundred secrets.

However, the adjustments of being married sometimes hit a snag. When that happens, son, you're on your own. It's like standing at the edge of a cliff with a strong wind at your back. Then, for minutes, for hours, perhaps for days, a little something nips at your heart; but suddenly comes a rush of tears and babbled apologies, and you grab at love with the violent relief that another of life's big crises is over.

Sometimes you'll think that you'll explode with love. You'll want your wife with a fury that makes you tremble, and the moments when you share that hunger will be the crescendoes of your love. But don't expect that every time.

You see, Jeff, a woman's love has many tender roots, and she is loving you as she irons your shirts, cooks your breakfast, shops for you, or merely sits with you in the same room. Her heart and body are composed more delicately than a man's, and she has less need for physical volcanoes. You must realize that, if you want your wife to look upon your private moments as the beautiful adventures they should be. You must sense when she is ready to bring you her own desires and when she merely accepts yours. Aware of the difference, it becomes your duty to sacrifice yourself for her.

Some men don't see it that way. They resent that sacrifice and every compromise they have to make. They go into marriage blind to the fact that its success results only from countless adjustments. And so they are susceptible to the first pretty little thing strolling by, who appears willing to demand less and give more than their wives.

And there, Jeff, is what I've been thinking about all evening since you rushed out on your date. Fidelity, in my opinion, is a law of the conscience. It is an innate loyalty to ideals a man has all his life.

Right now, you owe fidelity to your mother and me and all the things we've tried to teach you. You owe it to your country, your church, your school, your friends, the man who will be your boss, and one day you will owe it to your wife. Infidelity is like committing treason against yourself. The haunting regret of it in a marriage must be in realizing that a man has looked away from the wife who trusts him, believes in him, and shares his darkest hours.

There can't be any happiness in that. Because of it, something that was intended to be good and beautiful is suddenly tainted, and there is no peace in knowing that you are guilty of destruction.

That's what I want you to remember, Jeff, above everything else, and then all the other things will fall into place, just as I know you want them to.

By far the grandest thrill of such a love are the children who become part of your family. The fullest moment of your life, Jeff, will come the first time you look down at the

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new baby in your wife's arms. In that pink, wrinkled, screeching bundle of humanity is the fulfillment of all the dreams of your wedding day, the revival of the promises you made. Suddenly, you have a future, and it's wrapped up in that miracle you will call "my kid."

Returning home each night then has a new importance, because you will be impatient for your wife's reports on the progress of this remarkable new being whose every moment is so vital to you. And you will be impatient, too, for the day when your child can cling to your fingers, call you Dad, and come to you because he is aware of who you are and consciously loves you.

Then you will have everything, Jeff—a wife, a family, a home—all of it resulting from the wonderful accident of one day meeting a girl with whom you exchanged pure hearts and shared ideals. Remember, you have some glorious adventures ahead of you, son.

But there is one thing more. Your wife, your family, your home—your entire life—can be truly valuable only if you have a guest in your house, and that guest is God.

There's been too much happiness in our home, Jeff, for me to believe that you and Mother and I have created it all by ourselves. I think we've had some outside help. And if our happiness is a reward from God for the way we've lived, then I want you to go on as we are living, because you deserve this same happiness for your own home that you'll start one day.

That's why I've written this, Jeff, and why you will find it waiting for you on your pillow when you return home tonight from your big date. I hope you had a good time.

Master Stroke

IN POLITICS, the big cities make the sound and fury—but the towns and villages make the nation! And a right good job the small places are doing, if a certain Nebraska township, which here shall be nameless, may be considered a fair example.

This village is about equally divided between Democrats and Republicans, and peace is maintained between the two parties by permitting each to control three of the town's six public offices. But into this rural Eden one day there intruded a serpent, in the shape of an edict from the state legislature to the effect that the town appoint a supervisor of the poor.

There followed much bickering between the two parties over which would control the seventh office—until a local genius suggested the following:

"There is, as you know, only one pauper in this town. Suppose we appoint him supervisor of the poor, and pay him a salary, thus rendering him self-supporting?"

The rival political bosses agreed it was a sound idea, and thus, with one master stroke, they settled two vexing problems—relief and patronage! —*Wall Street Journal*

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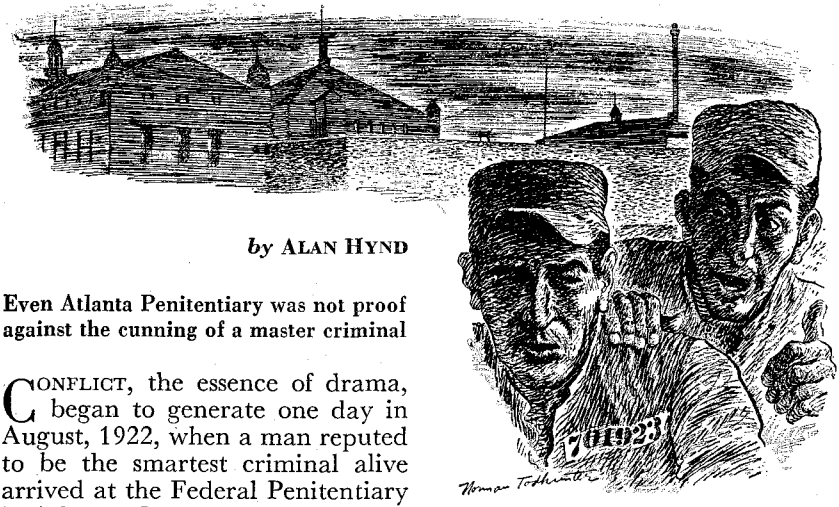
The Escape of Gerald Chapman



by ALAN HYND

Even Atlanta Penitentiary was not proof against the cunning of a master criminal

CONFLICT, the essence of drama, began to generate one day in August, 1922, when a man reputed to be the smartest criminal alive arrived at the Federal Penitentiary in Atlanta, Georgia, to begin a sentence of 25 years. Everyone in the prison, convicts and guards alike, knew it would be but a question of time before Gerald Chapman, who loved life, made a bid for freedom.

Although only in his early thirties, Chapman, a spare, soft-spoken little man with a high forehead and thoughtful blue eyes, had an impressive reputation as a jack-of-all-crime. A self-educated native of New York's Lower East Side, he spoke several languages and was an authority on literature and the arts. The job for which he had been sentenced to Atlanta—the robbery, with two confederates, of a United States postal truck on the streets of New York, for a take of almost $1,700,000 in cash and securities—remains to this day one of the most spectacular coups in modern criminal annals.

When Chapman sized up the big cage at Atlanta, he saw what penologists considered the last word in security. He saw walls 30 feet high, patroled by crackshot guards; he saw grounds floodlighted at night; he found himself in a cell block that was "escape-proof"; he learned by convict grapevine of ingenious automatic alarms that could do everything except talk. But Chapman, a connoisseur of prisons, was unimpressed.

"I think," he confided to a fellow convict, "that this place is just another tin can."

Gerald had already made one daring break when, being questioned about the mail robbery in New York's post-office building, he had dived through a window, scampered across a ledge, and vanished. He had been caught later, hiding in the building awaiting darkness, but only through luck.

Then, too, the bulk of the mail loot had not been recovered, which

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probably meant that Chapman had it stashed somewhere. That being so, he would be able to hire inside and outside confederates.

Chapman, assigned to work in the prison tailor shop, soon picked up from old-timers sufficient information about the sprawling penitentiary to familiarize himself with every foot of the grounds.

Reducing his knowledge to a diagram, he saw that the key to escape lay in a combination of the prison hospital, a near-by tree through whose branches passed two power cables, and a vegetable garden just inside one of the walls.

He would contrive to be hospitalized, sneak from the hospital by night, climb the tree, plunge the prison into darkness by short-circuiting the cables, retrieve from the garden a rope ladder with a grappling hook previously buried there, and throw it to the top of the wall.

Now Chapman began to study the guards. Soon he found one who seemed worried.

"What's worrying you?" Chapman whispered. "Money?"

The guard, underpaid and in debt, agreed for a price to act as a human post office through whom Chapman could contact underworld associates on the outside. Thus Gerald was soon receiving cash, which he spread around where it would do the most good.

Several convicts in the duck mill got busy fashioning the ladder; a con in the machine shop went to work on the grappling hook. Two toilers in the garden were paid to prepare a spot to hide the ladder. Other hired collaborators were acquiring files for steel bars, a knife to cut insulation from the cables, copper wire with which to short-circuit the cables, and a pair of rubber gloves to prevent electrocution in the process.

IN FEBRUARY, six months after Chapman had entered Atlanta, word passed along the prison grapevine: "Everything's ready!" His confederates on the outside replied: a box containing two suits of clothing, cash, revolvers, and ammunition would be buried in the woods within a ten-minute run of the penitentiary. A man driving a black, souped-up touring car would be waiting in Lakewood Heights, a near-by suburb. When he heard the sirens announce the escape—sirens that could be heard for 20 miles—he would make for a certain street intersection and wait. If there was a slip-up, Chapman was to head for a rooming house in Athens, 60 miles away.

Now it was time for Chapman to fake himself into the hospital. "I have pains in my head," he told the prison doctor, "and I can't see very well." The medico suspected a brain tumor.

There were a dozen other prisoners in the hospital, all in a second-floor ward. The night nurse, a man who also functioned as a guard, looked in only occasionally during the night.

Between the ward and the corridor was a small room that contained a window with three bars, about 20 feet above ground and not in the path of a tower light that illuminated the area. Chapman decided that this was the safest window to go through.

There were two patients Chapman didn't trust. Thus he needed

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a confederate to keep watch, and he settled on a tubercular little forger named Frank Grey.

"I'm breaking out," Chapman said. "Want to go with me?"

"Count me in," said Grey. "What do I have to do?"

"Keep an eye on these other guys while I file at the window bar during the night. If anybody wakes up, start coughing."

Four o'clock on the moonless morning of March 27, 1923, was zero hour for the plotters. While the other patients were asleep, Chapman and Grey, carrying their bed sheets, stole from the ward.

They were in the anteroom when they heard footsteps outside the door. That would be the male nurse. They flattened against the wall, and when the door opened, Chapman brought an arm from behind the nurse's back and crooked it around the man's throat. Grey produced cloths from a supply closet. Quickly the nurse was gagged, trussed, and stuffed in the closet. Then the pair improvised a rope out of the bed sheets, tapped the window bar loose, and let themselves down.

The tree through which the cables passed was only 50 feet away, but the path to it was floodlighted. Chapman and Grey stood briefly in the shadows, debating whether to run or walk. "The screws on the wall will either be looking this way or not looking," Chapman said. "If they're looking, we're goners whether we walk or run. If they're not looking, we'll be taking less chance of catching their eyes if we walk."

The two felons could hear their own heartbeats as they emerged into the lighted area. They were both covered with cold sweat when they made the shadows of the big tree.

"Well," remarked Chapman, "the worst is over!"

Grey, later to confess the plot details, boosted Chapman into the branches. Gerald put on his rubber gloves and cut away insulation on the cables. Then he dropped the copper wire across the bare spots. There was a blinding blue flash, then the entire prison, including the floodlights, was plunged into total darkness.

Chapman dropped to the ground. "That puts everything out," he said. "Let's go!"

The two men raced through the gloom toward the garden. The ladder was supposed to be buried at a spot six feet south and four feet west of the northeast corner. Chapman began to measure off the distances. Now he and Grey got on all fours and started to claw at the loose earth.

"That thing had better be here," said Chapman.

"It *is* here," said Grey. "I got hold of the rungs."

Now they ran to the wall. Throwing a grappling hook 30 feet into the air in the dark, and getting it to catch on the wall without making a noise to attract the guards, was quite a trick. Chapman tried it but the hook came back and fell beside him. Now Grey tried it.

"It's caught this time," he said. "Here—feel."

Chapman pulled on the ladder. It was taut.

Chapman scampered up first, then Grey. In the darkness, right on the same wall, two guards were talking as Chapman began pulling up the ladder from the inside.

"Wonder how soon they'll get

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the lights back on," the first guard was saying.

"Maybe not tonight," said the second. "That was a bad short in the tree there."

Now Chapman and Grey dropped the ladder down the outside and descended to freedom. Grey suggested that they jerk the ladder loose so the hook wouldn't be discovered and the alarm sounded that much sooner.

"No," said Chapman. "Let's get away from here!"

They raced through the night, stopping briefly to light matches in cupped hands and consult a diagram showing where the clothing, guns, ammunition, and cash were buried. Their ears were cocked for the first sound of the sirens. All was still quiet. Every minute of silence was time to the good.

IT WAS ABOUT 4:30 when they located the box. They were just changing clothes when the sirens began to wail. "Listen to them damned things," said Grey nervously. "They're loud enough to wake the dead."

"Keep your shirt on," said Chapman. "We've got a big start."

"Yeah," said Grey, "but we're on foot. *They'll* be in cars."

Now the fugitives hurried to the street intersection where the black car was to pick them up. But the car wasn't there. In the distance, between wails of the sirens, they could hear roaring motors. That would be the prison guards and the Atlanta cops, staking out the city for a systematic blockade.

Then they saw headlights coming toward them through the pre-dawn gloom. "Stand back," said Chapman. "Remember, it could be a car filled with screws."

That's what it was. As it roared past, the fugitives caught a glimpse of gray uniforms.

It was almost 5 o'clock. The sky was changing from black to gray, when another car appeared in the distance. "This must be him now," said Grey.

"We can't take a chance," said Chapman. "Let's duck behind this porch here." The car roared past.

Now it was light. The sirens were still wailing. Obviously something had gone wrong. But the two men could not risk waiting longer. Pretty soon, people would be abroad on the streets.

Chapman and Grey had to get out of the neighborhood. But hailing a passing car was dangerous.

Chapman saw streetcar tracks. Making for them, he and Grey came upon a man named Edwards, a railway employee on his way to downtown Atlanta. Edwards recognized the escaped convicts and betrayed himself.

Chapman promptly drew his gun. "We're getting on the trolley with you," he rasped. "One peep and you're dead!"

The railroader and the two fugitives boarded the car, filled with workmen. Chapman had his gun in his pocket and his pocket against Edwards' back. Everybody was talking about the escape. Near the center of the city, Edwards said he was coming to his stop.

"All right," whispered Chapman. "Get off but be sure to keep your mouth shut!"

Chapman and Grey left the car at the next stop. Thus, by the time Edwards gave the alarm and a car-

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load of police overtook the trolley, the fugitives had vanished.

Chapman and Grey had hailed a taxi and were heading for Athens. Midway on the journey, the cabbie began to look at them in the rear-view mirror.

"This guy's getting suspicious," said Chapman. "Let's get out."

The two men found themselves on the outskirts of a town, near railroad tracks. They hopped a freight train, headed for Athens. When the freight was almost at Athens, a railroad cop swung aboard and spotted the travelers. They jumped from the train and lit out for a neck of woods. Grey, being tubercular, was in need of rest. He and Chapman stretched on the ground.

The railroad cop turned in an alarm. Soon a posse of some 200 officers and citizens began to surround the area.

Now the posse began to penetrate the woods. The hunters, catching glimpses of the hunted, opened fire. Chapman and Grey scurried from tree to tree, returning the fire. They were city men, out of their element. Then Grey, separated from Chapman and his ammunition gone, ran out of the woods waving a white handkerchief—the first step of his return to prison.

Chapman determined to die rather than surrender. He worked his way to an edge of the woods and saw a cotton patch. He ran for it. He could hear the crackle of shots behind him, but he kept on running. Suddenly he felt a stinging sensation in his back. Then he blacked out.

When the posseman reached him, Chapman was unconscious. A bullet had penetrated one of his kidneys. He was rushed by ambulance to Athens Hospital. Surgeons who removed the bullet said Chapman couldn't live.

But Chapman fooled the medicos. By the end of the week he was making such a recovery that Atlanta authorities began to plan to return him to the prison. A guard was assigned to sleep in the same room with him.

One day Chapman overheard doctors discussing his case. "I don't care what anybody says," one was saying, "it's dangerous to move him as long as his temperature remains above a hundred."

Chapman knew what to do about that. Every time his guard left the room for a few minutes, Gerald would bound out of bed and take violent exercises. He knew the exertion was dangerous, but it kept his temperature from dropping.

On his eighth day in the hospital, a strange nurse entered his room on the second floor while the guard was out. "Somebody stopped me on the street," she said, "and told me to give you this note."

The note was from the driver of the car who had missed the Atlanta rendezvous. The engine had broken down. Two men were now standing by in Athens—in a rooming house not far from the hospital.

The next night, Chapman was apparently fast asleep. The moment the guard was out of sight, Gerald leaped from bed, tied two bed sheets together, went to the window, and slid down to safety. He was picking his way through the darkness to the rooming house before his absence was discovered. Half an hour later, before a search could be organized, he lay crouched beneath a blanket

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in the back seat of the speeding, souped-up car.

Chapman was taken to Muncie, Indiana, an old stamping ground. There he was hidden in the home of an underworld doctor, where his complete recovery was slow but sure. Two months later, his long-time associate, George (Dutch) Anderson, who had gone to Atlanta for the New York mail robbery, tunneled his way to freedom. He joined Chapman in Muncie.

In October, 1924, Chapman was blowing a safe in a New Britain, Connecticut, department store. A policeman surprised him in the act. Chapman beat the cop to the draw and murdered him.

Gerald was traced to Muncie. There, detectives pounced on him on a street corner. "You won't escape this time!" they said.

But Chapman was not through yet. Acting as his own attorney, he posed a neat legal problem. "You can't take me to Connecticut to face a murder charge," he said, "until I have served my 25-year Federal term in Atlanta."

The prisoner was returned to Atlanta, pending settlement of the question. President Calvin Coolidge resolved the legal problem of extradition to Connecticut by commuting Chapman's sentence for the New York mail-truck robbery to the time already served.

"I refuse to accept it," said Chapman, still his own mouthpiece. "It's unconstitutional."

But his declination was declined. In the first hour of the morning of April 5, 1926, three years after his escape from Atlanta, Gerald Chapman, the smartest criminal alive, faced something from which there was no escape—the hangman's hemp in the Connecticut State Prison at Wethersfield.

Triple Threat

SHORTLY AFTER General (then Lieutenant Colonel) George C. Marshall married the charming Mrs. Katherine Tupper Brown, the commandant at Fort Benning honored the bride with an open-air reception and dance at his quarters. General Marshall briefed his wife on the military affairs at the Fort and arranged to whisper certain cue words to her as she was introduced to the various guests, so she could offer some suitable remark to each new acquaintance.

The cue word he employed most frequently was "flowers," to tell his bride that the next individual she was to meet had sent her flowers. This enabled her to express gracious thanks for the gift. Time passed—and hundreds of guests—and the strain began to tell on the guest of honor.

As a woman who had recently become the proud mother of triplets extended her hand to Mrs. Marshall, the Lieutenant Colonel murmured, "Triplets!"

Smiling warmly upon the youthful matron, Mrs. Marshall exclaimed: "Thank you so much for your lovely triplets!"

—*Christian Science Monitor*

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A one-reeler, *The Great Train Robbery*, transformed movies from a peep-show novelty to a dramatic entertainment medium capable of stirring profound emotions. For the first time, carefully edited film told a story, utilized close-ups—and led thousands of Westerns to the silver screen.

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sensational or hilarious themes were considered

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In 1916, D. W. Griffith assembled 16,000 extras, recreated Paris streets and Babylonian walls, and shot 300,000 feet of film on the first super-epic, *Intolerance*. A grandiose tale of evil through the ages, it foretold other "colossals" that led straight to Cecil B. DeMille's *Samson and Delilah*.

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An early Western, *The Covered Wagon*, made the first candid attempt to evaluate and glorify the pioneer spirit. The movies were coming of age. It was shot on location and director James Cruze was to say later, "There wasn't a false whisker in the picture." Its cycle is not yet ended.

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Then there was sound! *The Jazz Singer* had a sentimental, inconsequential story, but it was the first talkie and millions stormed the box office to *hear* Al Jolson sing. Warner Brothers' revolution in synchronized sound crowded the silent film off the screen and into a permanent fadeout.

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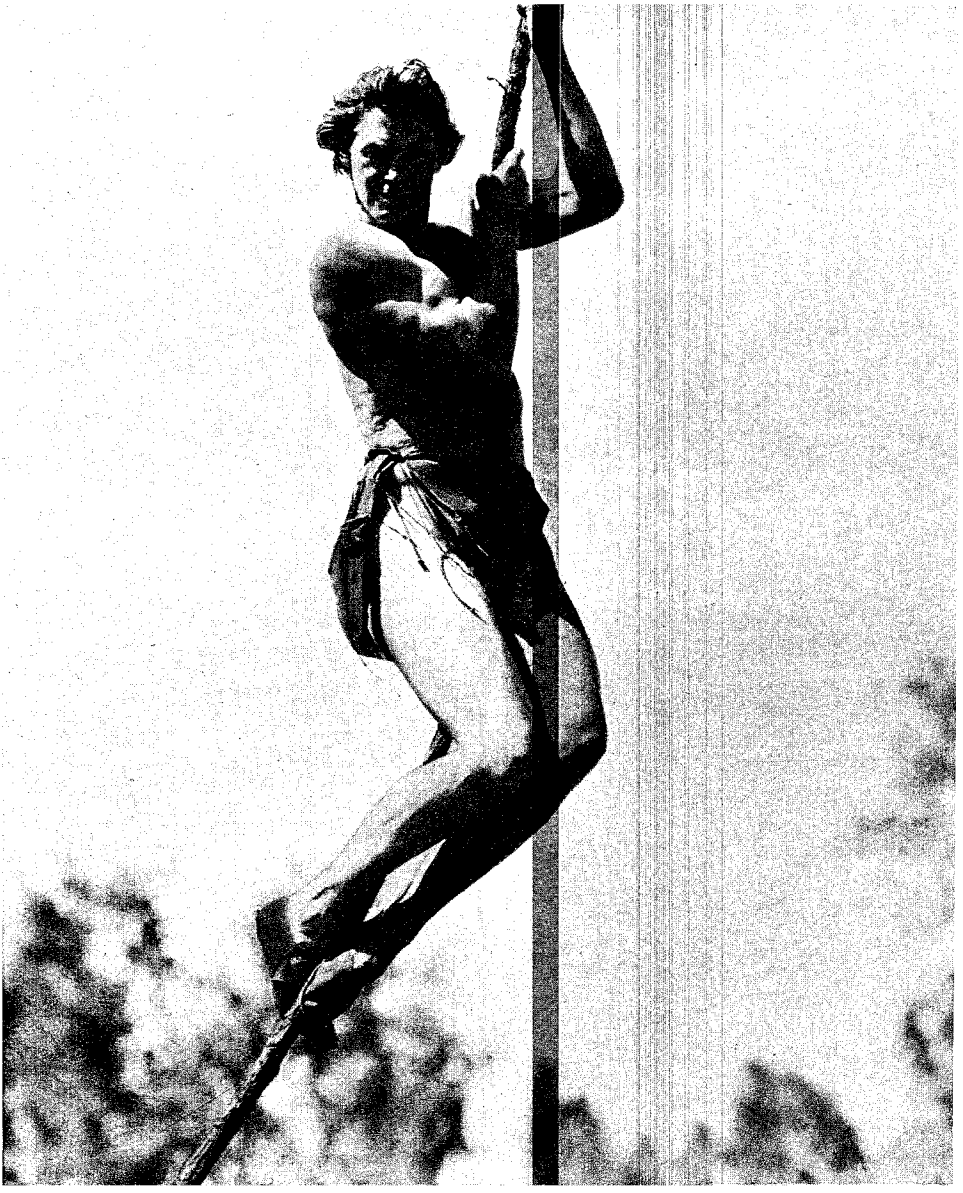

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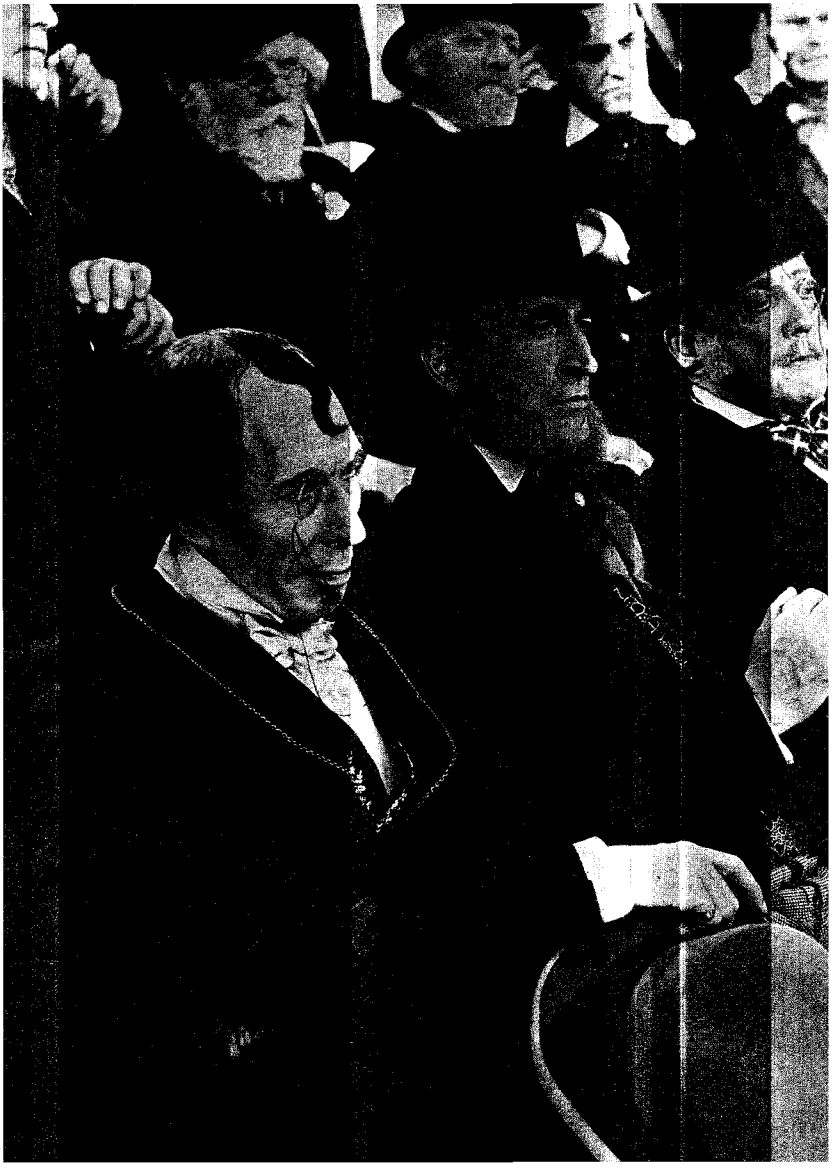

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Skippy was the universal boy, well-loved by American comic-strip readers. When Paramount brought him to the screen in the person of Jackie Cooper (*right*), a new era in children's movies was born and comic-strip characters from Blondie to Superman were recreated on film.

Make-up magic and bloodcurdling performances by Bela Lugosi and Boris Karloff revived the horror trend that had almost died with Lon Chaney. Millions paid to be petrified, first by Universal's *Dracula* (*above*), then by *Frankenstein*, finally by an almost predestined meeting of Lugosi and Karloff.

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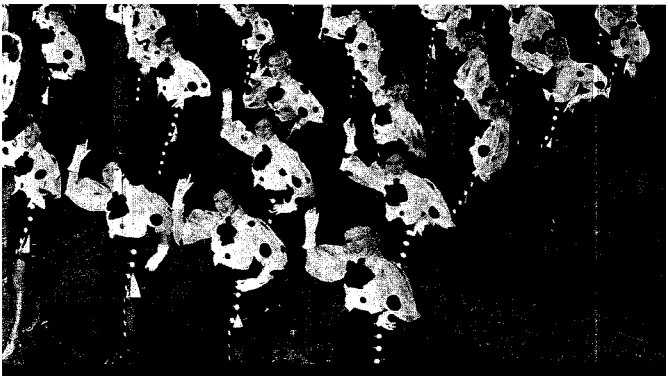

m was lifted somewhat by the first of the modern musicals.
l-dance movies had been mere screen versions of vaude-
Street featured a dramatic story, extravagant production
nough gaiety to initiate a trend that still flourishes.

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Before *The Informer*, movies concentrated on action and dialogue. John Ford's film painted the somber atmosphere of the Irish Rebellion, used an eloquent symbolism to intensify the drama, and created characterizations that welded the whole into the first great mood picture.

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The Lost Weekend, striking Hollywood's most dramatic note of realism, launched a study of serious social problems which were completely new to the screen. With the nightmarish case history of an alcoholic, the trail was blazed for graphic film treatment of insanity, disease, and prejudice.

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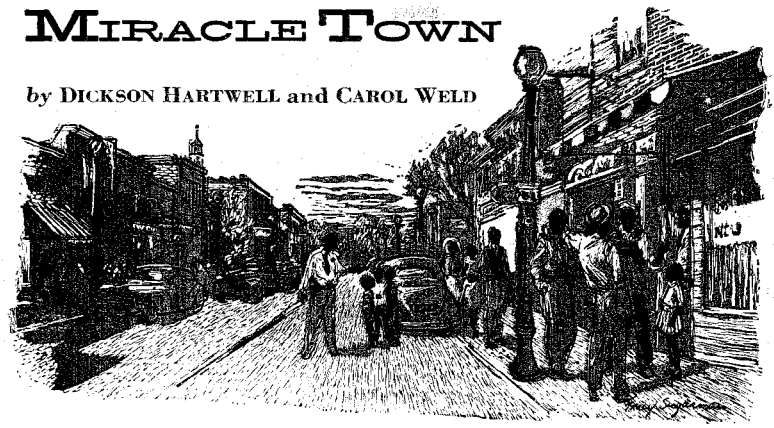
Mississippi's Miracle Town

by Dickson Hartwell and Carol Weld



Mound Bayou, deep in the cotton country, is a thriving, happy, all-Negro community

Not long ago, a quiet housewife in a Mississippi town picked up a brick and angrily hurled it at a woman neighbor. It missed, but the neighbor called the town marshal and haled her antagonist before Judge Benjamin A. Green. The Judge, a mild Harvard Law School graduate, listened patiently to a vociferous complaint before signaling for silence.

"Mary," he addressed the complainant, "you've been tongue-lashing people in this town for twenty years. Some day somebody was bound to throw a brick at you. Legally the defendant is guilty of assault. But actually you're the one in the wrong."

The Judge imposed a $5 fine, thus upholding the law. Next day, though, he returned it, upholding the kind of intimate justice he metes out in his town of Mound Bayou, where he's been mayor and judge for 30 years.

Homespun law, however, is just one phase of the remarkable story of Mound Bayou. The town is unique. It is all-Negro—and it is all-happy.

A thriving community deep in the cotton country—second fastest-growing town in its county—Mound Bayou has a Negro mayor, a Negro newspaper publisher, Negro doctors, lawyers, storekeepers, dentists, farmers, and businessmen. It has a Negro chief of police, too. But it has no jail. There hasn't been a major crime around there in years.

One of the oldest and largest all-Negro communities—Mound Bayou's 1,325 people serve a rural area of 5,000—its business enterprise is astonishing. In below-average 1950, its three gins baled cotton valued at $1,500,000. The town operates its own waterworks. The telephone company is home-owned. More important, Mound Bayou is the center for a major development in medicine, with a hospital, clinic, and plans for medical care covering some 50,000 people.

Like most small towns in the

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Deep South, Mound Bayou looks unimpressive. It is clustered on both sides of Highway 61, and except for several "mansions" its homes are modest, its dominant churches large. But the traditional tenement shacks are missing; every home has its yard, many of them pin-neat. Around the railroad station, and in front of the school and the civic square, is a rare sight in the South —flourishing evergreens planted by public subscription.

To the passing tourist, Mound Bayou has the casual appearance of a thousand other places. To discover its quality and measure its achievement, one must get inside the frame and brick buildings, inside where the people are.

MOUND BAYOU LIES in the Northwest section of Mississippi where generations of Negroes traditionally constitute the lowest income group in the U.S. But half of Mound Bayou's families are landholders. More farmers work their own land around the town than anywhere in Bolivar County.

One large farm operator is Lee Harris. In banner 1948, he paid his tenants $33,000 and still made a good profit. In blighted 1949, he paid out $25,000 and pocketed nothing. In 1950, his tenants got $27,000 and his net was $7,000.

When Harris makes a crop loan he charges six cents on the dollar. The usual fee is ten per cent, from private sources. To plant and cultivate cotton land with a tractor, many charge $12 an acre. Harris gets a flat $7.50. He doesn't consider this remarkable. "We're all happier that way," he explains.

But Mound Bayou Negroes are more than successful farmers. By themselves they have created and financed a school district that has been a model for 30 years. Today the town has an ultramodern, fireproof structure—the auditorium seats 550—and is fully equipped. Of Mound Bayou's high-school graduates in recent years, many went on to Negro colleges; others chose distant universities, such as Wayne, Illinois, and Nebraska.

Like any up-and-coming community, Mound Bayou has keen rivalries. To two of them, the town owes its advancing hospital program. Fifteen years ago, a ruction split the placid fraternal and burial society, Knights and Daughters of Tabor, which had been flourishing in Mississippi for 50 years. A faction headed by Mayor Green, Perry M. Smith, and P. M. George suggested to its 500 chapters that the society build a hospital for the members' benefit. The opposition demanded a temple as a more fitting symbol of the Order's objectives.

This made sense to many Mississippi Negroes, to whom hospitals were a place to die—for those who could afford it. For a middle-class Negro to get into a hospital was next to impossible, and usually involved a trip of 50 to 100 miles.

In the face of this, it took ten years of campaigning before the Green-Smith-George persuasion prevailed. Then, with a hospital agreed upon, a conflict started over its location. Greenville, Vicksburg, Jackson, Clarksdale, and little Mound Bayou all wanted it.

Judge Green finally triumphed. He pointed out that curfews for Negroes in white cities—in some places they had to be off the streets as

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early as 10 P.M.—would prohibit emergency service during most of the night.

"We're not likely to have a curfew here," he added tellingly. On a rising vote, Mound Bayou won by an overwhelming majority.

But even after the $100,000 Taborian Hospital was built (it opened appropriately enough on Lincoln's Birthday, 1942), another competitive stimulus developed. The chief surgeon, Dr. T. R. M. Howard, came into conflict with the hospital's board of managers. In 1946, when the board did not renew his contract, some 5,000 Knights and Daughters decided to back Dr. Howard in a rival medical venture. They organized the United Order of Friendship in America, which operates Friendship Clinic across the street from Taborian Hospital.

OBVIOUSLY, citizens of Mound Bayou can get steamed up easily on any civic matter. But, for the most part, their local pride is channeled through the Civic Club and the Business League. The latter brought the first doctor and dentist to the town, put municipal water into a new subdivision, and arranged for piped-in natural gas, starting early in 1952.

The Civic Club is a dynamic group operated by 150 women, none of whom is reluctant to suggest to a backsliding householder that a little paint or yard-raking might brighten up the town. Recently the members decided that a recreational Civic Center was needed, and set out to raise money.

Cotton is cash in Mound Bayou; it was cotton time. Gathering ten pounds here and twenty there, the club soon had enough to raffle off a bale. To his embarrassment, Mayor Green won it. Promptly he donated it back to them. They sold it all over again, clearing $1,000, and bought the property on which to erect a $15,000 building.

Mound Bayou's civic pride has long been in the making. From the time the founders settled it 64 years ago, it was planned as an all-Negro community. A gradually expanding handful of determined pioneers, many with virtually no money, literally hewed a new way of life for themselves from a miasma-ridden, mosquito-infested jungle.

Working and living together without social restraint has welded Mound Bayou's citizens into a strong disaster-resistant unit. When cotton prices broke after World War I, hundreds of them lost land, livestock, and money. Reduced to penury almost overnight, the people were suddenly hit by another disaster. A series of fires razed virtually every business building in town. But a new city rose from the ashes.

In recent years, Mound Bayou has characteristically met another financial problem. Generations of Negroes have been prey for loan sharks. The interest paid is often many times the principal: borrowers stay in debt for years.

To meet this threat, a group of citizens five years ago organized a liberal Federal Credit Union on a pay-its-own-way basis.

The Union is staffed entirely by volunteers. Elaborate investigations aren't necessary because the loan committee knows intimately the life history of every applicant.

When a widow needed $600 last year to plant and fertilize a crop, a

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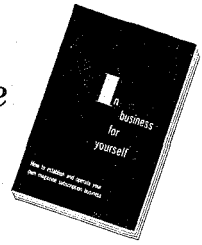
private company demanded 25 per cent interest. She got $600 from the Union at a total cost of $18. With it she made a $3,000 gross crop. Another widow, age 75, was about to be evicted by foreclosure from her home because $200 remained to be paid a mortgage-holding money lender. The Union met the emergency.

Mound Bayou's many successes raise the question: are all-Negro communities an answer to the No. 1 U.S. race problem? Sociologists say such a solution is neither practical nor desirable. Segregation, they maintain, can never take the place of simple human decency—of good will toward *all* men.

But sociologists do see in Mound Bayou an example of what happens when Negroes can plan happily and safely, without glancing constantly over their shoulders in fear of prejudice or intolerance. The town still has far to go. A public-health nurse would be invaluable. So would a home-demonstration agent to teach nutrition, and a good library.

But in one way the community excels some great cities. On a day last winter, when Mound Bayou's total debt was $13,000, certain city bonds were quoted at $101. On that same day, Mound Bayou's bonds were selling at $104. As to fiscal policy, the all-happy, all-Negro town has nothing to learn from anybody.

It pays to be your own boss



WHEN BILL MAAS wrote for his free copy of "In Business for Yourself," he was little different from the countless others who dream of becoming their own boss. Today, Bill operates a successful subscription business, has been selected as Coronet's Agent of the Month, and was recently awarded a handsome trophy for his excellent work.

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Diamonds in the Rough

by JOHN RALEIGH

DURING WORLD WAR II, American servicemen found that northern Australia was a pretty primitive place—not an area where one would expect to find much human honesty. Yet, an Air Force major stationed at the lonely outpost of Broome tells the following story. And he swears it's the truth . . .

Hidden radios informed the Japanese that two PBY's were flying south from invaded Java, filled with women and children seeking sanctuary from the terrors of concentration camps.

Just about a stone's throw from Broome's airstrip, the two rescue planes were jumped by several Jap Zeroes. The PBY's plunged into the sea in flames. Nearly everyone aboard perished.

The pilot of one ship and two Dutch children were saved. But he lost his jacket in the sea. In the garment were dozens of uncut diamonds, a fortune entrusted to the pilot by the parents of the children as a double precaution for their care and attention.

The parents died in the crash. The pilot reported losing the jacket. And the young orphans were sent to Melbourne, to face a future that appeared, at best, precarious.

Two weeks later an Australian hobo, one of thousands who haunt the "Great Outback" for various excellent reasons, showed up at Broome's Air Force headquarters. In his hands he held the pilot's jacket. He had found it on the mud flats along the coast, near where the PBY's had been destroyed.

The swagman tossed the jacket on the American major's desk. "I heard the story about the orphan girls and their lost fortune," he said. "I found this on the beach this morning."

Then the shaggy "Outback" roamer dug in his pocket and presented a chamois bag. The major opened the bag and out tumbled the diamonds. He stared at the bushwhacker in amazement.

"They're all there," remarked the Aussie calmly. Then he turned and walked toward the door.

"Wait a minute!" the major cried. "What's your name?"

"Never mind that," the man answered. "Just get these sparklers to the kids. I'd like to see them get a better break than I did."

Then the bushwhacker walked out the door and into the hot, dusty street. No one ever saw him again.

But two little Dutch children were assured care and education—$75,000 worth of diamonds guaranteed that. And Air Force records stand as proof of the major's story.

From the forthcoming book *Inside Inside* by members of the Overseas Press Club of America.

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SILVER GREYHOUNDS FOR THE KING

by WILLIAM KEY

Their cloak-and-dagger exploits are so hazardous, no one will insure their lives

DURING WORLD WAR II, when the Nazis had driven through Greece and were threatening Britain's life line in the Mediterranean, a tall, fair-haired man swam ashore at Gibraltar in a state of near-collapse. Taken under guard to the British commander, the man produced a special red passport and exhibited a Silver Greyhound.

The silver emblem proclaimed him a member of Britain's fabulous Corps of King's Foreign Service Messengers. He explained that his plane had been struck by flak and his pilot and escort had drowned.

Within two days the wearer of the Silver Greyhound was ready to continue his dangerous mission: to take a secret packet to the besieged forces on Malta, hundreds of miles eastward, by torpedo boat. The packet's contents were too vital to entrust to coded wireless.

Carrying the precious papers, the tall man was escorted by armed guard to a cove at the base of The Rock. As he neared the rowboat, a grizzled Army sergeant blocked his path. "I was a King's Messenger once and it's a long while since I've heard our motto," said the noncom deferentially. "Would you refresh my memory?"

"Stand aside!" the tall man snapped. "Would you delay a King's Messenger for a motto?"

The sergeant whipped out a pistol. "That's no King's Messenger, sir!" he told the guard officer. "I think he's a ruddy Nazi!"

Taken to headquarters, the impostor eventually confessed that the real King's Messenger had been murdered near London, his red passport and badge of authority appropriated, and the Nazi spy landed by seaplane within swimming distance of The Rock.

Asked by the commander what

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had aroused his suspicions, the sergeant explained:

"He carried his packet in his right hand, sir. King's Messengers always carry with the left—to keep their fighting hand ready."

The select band of brave and talented Messengers constitutes the oldest continuous career service on earth. It is the forerunner of all modern undercover organizations—records of its activities date back to 1486. Its byword then was the same as it is today: "The Shortest Way in the Shortest Time."

In peacetime, a Messenger, on his own word, can enlist the aid of any British naval vessel afloat—even a battleship—and though a Messenger be personally unknown, any British embassy or legation will, upon his demand, supply him with anything from an impenetrable disguise to a bag of gold.

At present the Corps numbers only 44 men, and so hazardous is their work that no surety firm will insure their lives.

New openings are made available first to qualified ex-servicemen. Besides good character and education, the only qualifications are a workable knowledge of Spanish, French, or Italian.

On a mission, the King's Greyhounds are under constant protection by a cloak-and-dagger character—usually a former Scotland Yard officer—known officially as Escort to the King's Messenger. His vigil commences the moment the Messenger opens his sealed orders, reads and destroys them.

From then on, the Messenger's footsteps are dogged by an unobtrusive but thoroughly trained rough-and-tumble expert who can outdraw, outshoot, and outdo generally anybody who might have designs against the Messenger.

Origin of the Greyhound badge of identification goes back to the time when Prince Charles, later King Charles II, was an exile in Holland with a price on his royal head. Several Dutch sea captains gathered aboard a fishing vessel off the stormy Hook one wintry night to pledge him their aid in carrying highly incriminating letters to and from the plotting Court at London.

With his sword, the young Prince pried the little silver greyhounds from the top of a huge chafing dish on the ship's table. Then, raising his blade high, Charles exacted an oath of loyalty from each of the captains. As they raised their own arms, Charles suddenly noted that one raised not his right but his left.

The man was immediately seized as a spy and cast overboard, and the little silver greyhound he was to have worn was tossed after him.

For centuries thereafter, according to legend, no left-handed man served as a member of the Corps of King's Messengers.

THE MOST astounding of all Messenger exploits in World War II is the little-known story of The Man Who Saved Cairo.

Nazi Marshal Rommel's Afrika Korps had Montgomery's battle-weary Eighth Army backed to the walls of Cairo in the early part of 1943. The doughty Montgomery, however, devised a daring strategy for breaking out and flanking Rommel—only to have "The Desert Fox" frustrate each move.

It became obvious that the Nazi marshal somehow was being kept

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informed of Montgomery's every plan. By accident, a captain in Intelligence stumbled onto the answer to the riddle.

While sauntering along a picturesque Cairo street, the officer paused idly to watch a Bedouin plying his old trade. His shaven cranium—blue cross tattooed on forehead—bent over a folding table in a doorway, he squinted through a large magnifying glass and engraved the Lord's Prayer on the head of an ordinary pin.

While he stood there, the Intelligence officer overheard a civilian wearing a black fez dictate to the Bedouin in Arabic a monotonous series of numerals—all in groups of four. The British military code!

Instead of arresting Black Fez on the spot, the officer rushed back to Cairo Headquarters. And that same night, the equivalent of this astonishing code message went out by wireless to London:

> WANTED—A British agent who (1) spoke and understood Arabic; (2) was a *mnemonics* wizard (a man able to retain long strings of numerals in his head); and (3) who also was a fair hand at microscopic engraving.

London began screening the nation for such an improbable person. Almost immediately, from the office of the Corps of King's Messengers, there appeared a memory prodigy who also could speak and understand Arabic. But he knew nothing about engraving, microscopic or otherwise.

London continued fine-combing for a microscopic engraver. Within 72 hours, an old man was located who had been working county fairs in the north of England. Rum-soaked but cocksure, the pitchman proved his own capabilities, then was assigned to teach what he could to the Arabic-speaking Messenger. At the end of a week's instruction, the Messenger was flown by special plane to Cairo.

In due time, the genuine Bedouin street-engraver was seized and held in secret custody. Another shaven-headed, walnut-stained character, blue forehead cross and all, sat day after day in the little doorway, bent over his pins.

In due time, Black Fez strolled up with his series of numerals and the disguised King's Messenger did his stunt. The trick, of course, was for the Messenger to relay Black Fez's number-message up to a certain point, then to substitute a memorized series of figures (which would be a phony plan of Montgomery's next military thrust).

Within 48 hours, Montgomery moved with lightning swiftness. The blow was struck at dawn, and Marshal Rommel, armed with misleading information, moved in the wrong direction. The threat to North Africa was over as the Nazis began the disorderly retreat which quickly turned into a rout.

Are You a Date Picker?

(Answers to puzzle on page 55)

1. 1869; 2. 1776; 3. 1876; 4. 1773; 5. 1803; 6. 1861; 7. 1898; 8. 1823; 9. 1865; 10. 1836; 11. 1607; 12. 1819; 13. 1929; 14. 1620; 15. 1901; 16. 1867; 17. 1917; 18. 1789.

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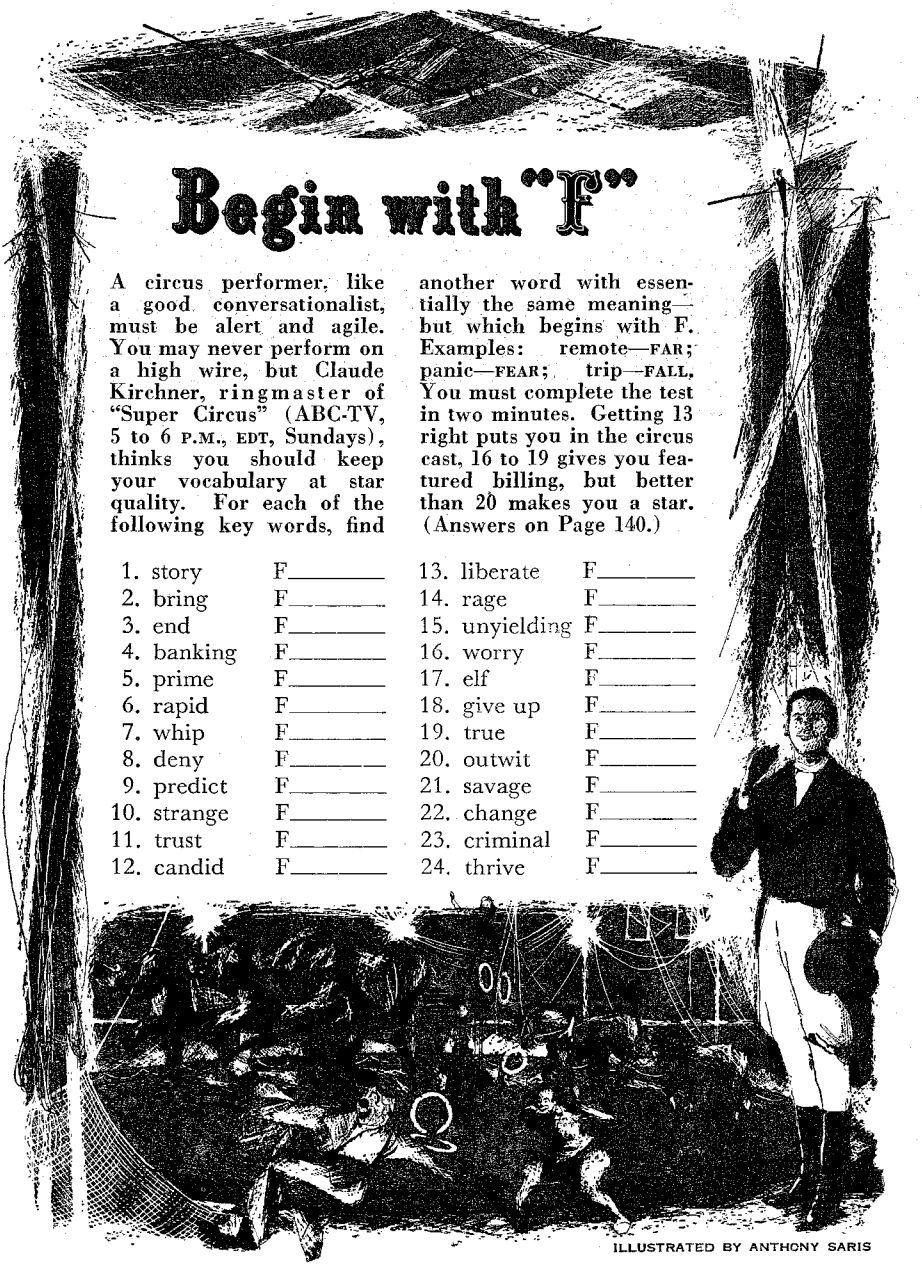
Begin with "F"

A circus performer, like a good conversationalist, must be alert and agile. You may never perform on a high wire, but Claude Kirchner, ringmaster of "Super Circus" (ABC-TV, 5 to 6 P.M., EDT, Sundays), thinks you should keep your vocabulary at star quality. For each of the following key words, find another word with essentially the same meaning—but which begins with F. Examples: remote—FAR; panic—FEAR; trip—FALL. You must complete the test in two minutes. Getting 13 right puts you in the circus cast, 16 to 19 gives you featured billing, but better than 20 makes you a star. (Answers on Page 140.)

1. story	F_____	13. liberate	F_____
2. bring	F_____	14. rage	F_____
3. end	F_____	15. unyielding	F_____
4. banking	F_____	16. worry	F_____
5. prime	F_____	17. elf	F_____
6. rapid	F_____	18. give up	F_____
7. whip	F_____	19. true	F_____
8. deny	F_____	20. outwit	F_____
9. predict	F_____	21. savage	F_____
10. strange	F_____	22. change	F_____
11. trust	F_____	23. criminal	F_____
12. candid	F_____	24. thrive	F_____



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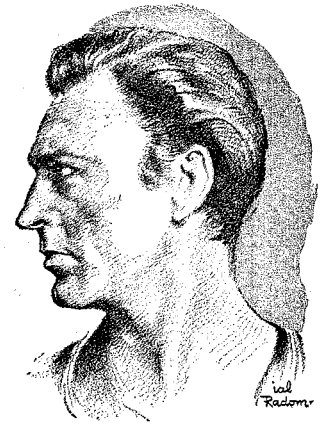
This Was Barrymore



by LOUIS L. SNYDER

Those who knew him best recall The Great Profile as a magnificent actor and a rich, many-faceted personality

TO HIS PHYSICIAN, Dr. Hugo Kersten, he was a patient who had drunk too much during his lifetime. To millions of enthralled women he was The Great Profile, the troubadour of love in a prosaic world. To others he was a ham actor with a Rabelaisian sense of humor, a fabulous wit, and a lust for life.

But to his great friend and biographer, Gene Fowler, John Barrymore was all this and much more. He was a genius of the stage, a magnificent actor of artistic integrity, whose spoofing and playful escapades hid a character of rich perception. Vital and wayward, Barrymore hurled himself against the years with fists pounding and eyes blazing. In the words of Fowler, "his prodigious follies, quixotic deeds, intense bursts of labor, together with his disregard of repose, would have felled a god."

Even as a young man, Barrymore was something special. Early press reports of the catastrophic San Francisco earthquake of April, 1906, listed among the missing the 24-year old Barrymore, who was about to embark on an Australian tour. John, very much alive, persuaded a newsman to tag onto the close of a bulletin to New York a message for his worried sister, Ethel.

The young actor reported that he had been thrown out of bed by the quake and had wandered in a slightly dazed condition to the street, where an Army sergeant spotted him and, placing a shovel in his hand, made him work in the ruins for 24 hours. When Ethel dramatically read this fictionalized message to Uncle John Drew and asked if he believed it, that ingenious realist replied: "Every word. It took an act of God to get him out of bed and the U. S. Army to put him to work!"

John Barrymore's behavior was unpredictable. He regarded theater audiences as necessary evils and had only contempt for the "peasants" who had paid money to see him. On one occasion, during the first act of a play in which he was starring, he became annoyed by repeated outbursts of coughing in the audience. By the time the second act came around, he was prepared for his enemies. When once again the coughing began, he reached inside

From *A Treasury of Intimate Biographies*, edited by Louis L. Snyder. Copyright, 1951, by Greenberg Publisher, 201 E. 57th St., New York 22, N. Y.

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his coat and extracted a large fish.

"Here, you damned walruses!" he shouted as he threw the fish into the audience. "Get to work on this while we go on with the play!"

On another occasion, during the rehearsal of a new play, he became embroiled in an argument with his leading lady and made some unnecessary remarks about her parentage. Infuriated, she left the stage in a huff.

"Please remember," she shouted, "that I am a lady!"

"Madam," he retorted ungallantly, "I will respect your secret."

He was proud of his family tradition and of the acting genius of his famed brother and sister, but he did not hesitate to pilfer a scene when he appeared with them on stage or screen. As a member of the Theater's Royal Family, he considered himself a man apart from other humans. One day, after ordering several articles in a haberdashery, he was about to leave when the clerk politely asked where the items were to be sent. Barrymore gave the address and turned to leave.

"And your name, please?" called the salesman after him.

The actor turned on his heel, cast a withering glance, and said, "Barrymore."

"Which Barrymore, please?" insisted the clerk.

"Ethel!" Barrymore barked.

It is curious that while John invested in a few great luxuries, such as his yachts, his house, his hobbies, he spent comparatively little on himself in the sense of personal maintenance. He cared not at all for clothes. He didn't own a watch. He wore no rings. He entertained infrequently. He much preferred eating in the kitchen or, if possible, in some friend's kitchen, to sitting in costly fashion at a restaurant table.

Sometimes Barrymore and his friend, Jack Prescott, would prowl about New York City late at night. And occasionally it suited John's whim to put on tails, white tie, and an old opera hat. On one of these nights the two formally attired friends found themselves on Tenth Avenue. Barrymore said that years before there had been a place between Eleventh and Twelfth Avenues that was "tougher than hell," and thought it would be fun to go there again.

"We finally found a basement dive, the lowest sort of dump," Prescott recalls. "I am positive Barrymore had never seen the place before, and I know I hadn't. We breezed in, stepped to the bar, and John asked for a little brandy. The bartender scornfully scrutinized our silk hats, but said nothing. He reached behind the bar, then put a bottle on the woodwork.

"We probably were there 10 or 15 minutes when John said, 'Don't look now, but I think we are in hot water!' I glanced over my shoulder to see, approaching us slowly, three of the toughest fellows I ever glimpsed. John and I remained standing at the bar, trying to appear detached, when the biggest one of the three reached over between us, to plank down a dirty envelope and a pencil. He said, 'Mr. Barrymore, would ya give us yer autygraph?'

"At this, John let out a great yell. 'Give you my autograph?' he said. 'My God, I'll marry you!' "

Barrymore entered his final year of markedly failing health, but got

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to his feet again and again, with a gameness rarely observed in any man. But finally came the day when he received the last rites of the Catholic Church. What happened next is told by Gene Fowler in his biography, *Good Night, Sweet Prince*...

"I went into his room that night to find a nurse endeavoring to brush his teeth. She looked up from the small basin she was holding beneath the patient's chin and said, 'He simply won't open his lips to let me brush his teeth.'

" 'Well,' I inquired, 'should you do it? Is it necessary?'

" 'It would make him feel much more comfortable. And the doctor has asked that it be done.'

"I whispered to her, 'Is he conscious?'

" 'I'm inclined to think so,' she replied, 'for he is stubbornly clenching his jaws.'

" 'Then stand in a corner,' I said, 'close your ears, and we'll see what can be done.'

"The nurse complied, a bit dubiously. I leaned over John and said, 'Listen, a beautiful woman is trying to brush your teeth, which, by some miracle, still remain in your possession. Why don't you open your eyes and see for yourself what you are missing, you . . .'

"John opened his eyes, then his mouth, and the nurse had no further trouble in brushing his teeth. Thus encouraged, the young woman held a glass of mouthwash to his lips. 'Now please rinse your mouth with this, Mr. Barrymore.'

"He promptly swallowed the mouthwash, to the consternation of the nurse. Worriedly she reported to the doctor, who replied: 'Never give Barrymore anything in a small glass, unless you know it can be safely taken internally.' "

THAT JOHN BARRYMORE survived for 60 years proves once again the power of the human will to maintain life. And of the many stories told about him, this one will be remembered for generations.

There is an alarum, and King Richard clanks onstage with his distraught cry: "A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!"

On this particular night, Barrymore hardly had delivered his penetrating vocals regarding the need for a charger when some gentleman in the balcony emitted the loudest guffaw since the days of Rabelais.

Barrymore, encased in black armor, raised his sword towards the balcony and, without departing far from the iambic pentameter of the Bard, called out: "Make haste, and saddle yonder ass!"

Let's Face It

"I HAVE NOTICED with astonishment," remarked the old-timer, "how reluctant young men of today are to marry and settle down. They actually seem to fear marriage. Why, before I was married I didn't know the meaning of fear."

—*Nuggets*

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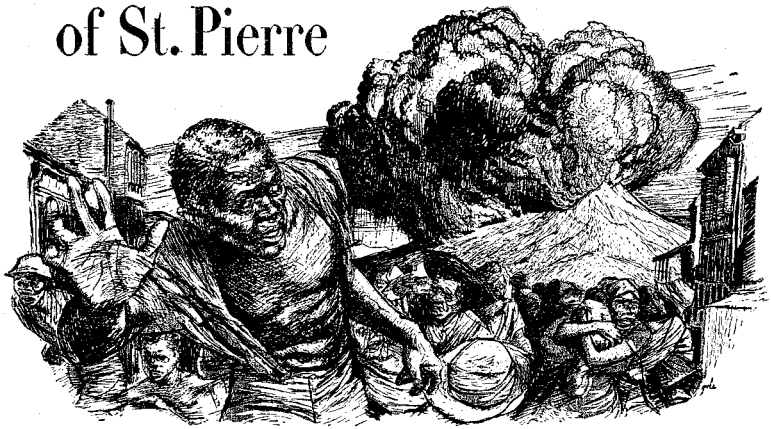
The Flaming Horror of St. Pierre



by FAIRFAX DOWNEY

When slumbering Mont Pelée erupted, its cloud of death snuffed out 40,000 lives!

FORTUNE HAD SMILED graciously on Fernand Clerc. Little past 40 in this year of 1902, he was the leading planter on the fair West Indian Island of Martinique. Sugar from his broad cane fields, molasses, and mellow rum had made him a millionaire.

Able, respected, blessed with a charming wife and children, he found life good indeed. With energy undepleted by the tropics, he rode through the island, visiting his plantation at Vivé on the slopes of Mont Pelée—Naked Mountain—well-named when erupting lava had stripped it bare of verdure. But that was long ago. Peaceful now, its crater held the lovely Lake of Palms, favorite picnic spot for parties from St. Pierre and Fort-de-France.

Yet this spring M. Clerc and all Martinique received a rude shock. The mountain was not dead; white vapors veiled her summit, and by May 2nd she had overlaid her green mantle with a gown of gray cinders. Black smoke poured forth, illumined at night by jets of flame and flashes of lightning.

On May 5th, M. Clerc beheld a cloud rolling from the mountain down the valley. Sparing his own acres, the smoking lava enveloped the Guerin sugar factory, burying its owner, his wife, and 25 workmen.

Dismayed by this tragedy, M. Clerc and many others moved from the slopes into St. Pierre. The city was crowded, its population of 25,000 swollen to 40,000, but when M. Clerc professed alarm, he was answered with shrugs. Danger? On the slopes perhaps, but scarcely here in St. Pierre, down by the sea.

Thunderous, scintillant Pelée staged a magnificent display of natural fireworks the night of May

From *Disaster Fighters*, copyright, 1938, by Fairfax Downey.

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7th. M. Clerc did not sleep well. He breakfasted early, and again expressed apprehensions to a large group of friends at the table. Suddenly he halted in midsentence, his eyes fixed on the barometer. Its needle was fluttering!

M. Clerc pushed back his chair and commanded his carriage at once. From the balcony of their home, the American Consul, Thomas Prentiss, and his wife waved to the Clerc family driving by. The planter pulled up and urged them to come along.

His American friends thanked him. There was no danger, they laughed, and waved again to the carriage disappearing in gray dust as it sped out of St. Pierre . . .

Governor Mouttet, ruling Martinique for the Republic of France, glared up at rebellious Pelée. That miserable mountain was disrupting commerce. Its pyrotechnics distracted glances which might far better have dwelt admiringly on the proverbial beauty of the women of Martinique, in their bright turbans and high-waisted dresses. People were fleeing the countryside and thronging into St. Pierre, deserting that city for Fort-de-France, planning even to leave the island.

A detachment of troops was dispatched by the Governor to St. Pierre to preserve order and halt the exodus. Then His Excellency followed with Mme. Mouttet and took up residence in that city. Certainly his presence must serve to calm these exaggerated fears. He circulated among the populace, speaking soothing words . . .

Ellery S. Scott, chief officer of the steamship *Roraima*, stood on the bridge with Captain Muggah as the vessel bore down on Martinique. A column of smoke over the horizon traced down to the 4,500-foot summit of Pelée. But all seemed well ashore. The streets were filled with crowds in gay holiday attire.

Promptly the shipping agents came aboard. The volcano? Yes, it was erupting, but there was no danger. Nevertheless, the passenger list was to be augmented: 60 first-class anxious to leave St. Pierre. Could they be humored, and the *Roraima* sail for St. Lucia at once?

Ship's bells tolled the passing hours. Pelée growled hoarsely and belched black smoke. A little before 8 A.M., Chief Officer Scott apprehensively turned his binoculars on the summit . . .

IT WAS DARK in the underground dungeon of the St. Pierre prison, but rays of light filtered through the grated door. Enough so Auguste Ciparis could tell when it was night and when it was day.

Not that it mattered much, unless a man desired to count the days until he should be free. The judge had declared him a criminal and caused him to be locked up. It was hard, this being shut out of life in the gay city, when one was only 25 and strong and lusty.

Pelée was rumbling away in the distance—each day the jailer bringing him food was more excited—but the noise reached the cell only as faint thunder. Glimmerings of the dawn of May 8th filtered through the grating, and Auguste stirred. This being a fete day, what merriment his friends would be making in the squares of St. Pierre!

Auguste stared sullenly at the cell

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door. At least the jailer might have been on time with breakfast . . .

On the morning of May 8th, the clocks of St. Pierre ticked on toward 10 minutes of 8, when they would stop forever. Against a background of bright sunshine, a huge column of vapor rose from Pelée. Came a salvo of reports as from heavy artillery. Then, choked by lava boiled to white heat, the volcano blew its head off.

Like a colossal Roman candle it shot out streaks of flame and fiery globes. A pall of black smoke rose thousands of feet in the air, darkening the heavens. Silhouetted by a red, infernal glare, Pelée flung aloft viscid masses which rained incandescent ashes on land and sea.

Then a jagged fissure opened in the flank of the mountain toward St. Pierre. Out of it issued an immense cloud which rushed down on the doomed city and the villages of Carbet and Le Prêcheur. In three minutes, that searing, suffocating cloud enveloped them, and 40,000 people died!

Clerc, the planter, watched from Mont Parnasse, one mile east of St. Pierre. The many friends he had left so short a while ago, the American consul and his wife who had waved a gay good-bye, he would never see alive again.

In that vast brazier which was St. Pierre, Governor Mouttet may have lived just long enough to realize that Pelée had awakened, and that eternal sleep was his lot and his wife's and that of all whose flight he had discouraged . . .

Down in that deep dungeon cell, Auguste Ciparis blinked in the swift-fallen night. Through the grating blew a current of burning air, scorching his flesh. He leaped, writhing in agony and screaming for help. No one answered.

Leaving a blazing city in its wake, the death cloud rolled over the docks and the sea, hissing and seething. Aboard the *Roraima*, Chief Officer Scott lowered his glasses precipitately from Pelée. One look at that cloud bearing down like a whirlwind and he snatched a tarpaulin and pulled it over him.

The ship rolled to port, then back to starboard. Her funnels and other superstructure were swept off by the mighty blast, laden with scalding ashes and stone dust. Badly scorched, Scott emerged from his refuge to glimpse the British steamer *Roddam* plunging by toward the open sea, her decks a smoking shambles. Of the other 16 vessels which had been anchored in the roadstead there was no sign.

Staggering toward the twisted bridge, the Chief Officer beheld the swaying figure of Captain Muggah. From the hideous, blackened mask of his face a voice croaked: "All hands! Heave up the anchor!"

All hands? Only Scott, two engineers, and a few members of the black gang responded.

The anchor could not be unshackled. "Save the women and children!" the captain ordered. During attempts to lower a boat, he disappeared. Later he was pulled out of the water in dying condition.

Now the *Roraima* was afire fore and aft. Amid the shrieks and groans of dying passengers, Scott and three more able-bodied men fought the flames. Between dousing the fire with bucketfuls from the sea, Scott tried to give drinks of fresh water to those who begged pitifully for it,

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even though their seared throats would not let them swallow a drop.

When the French cruiser *Suchet* steamed up to the rescue, the only survivors among the passengers were a little girl and her nurse. The eyes of all aboard the *Suchet* turned toward shore. There at the foot of a broad, bare pathway, paved by death and destruction, lay the utter ruins of St. Pierre.

NOT UNTIL the afternoon of May 8th did the devastated city cool sufficiently to allow rescuers from Fort-de-France to enter. They could find none to rescue except one woman who died soon after she was taken from a cellar.

Indeed, St. Pierre might have been an ancient town, destroyed in some half-forgotten cataclysm and recently partly excavated. Cinders, which had buried its streets six feet deep in a few minutes, were as the dust of centuries.

So swiftly did the death cloud pass that its heat did not always burn all the clothing from its prey, but once it was inhaled into the lungs—that was the end. Some had run a few steps, then dropped, hands over nose and mouth.

People who had been indoors when the cloud descended perished where they stood or sat. There a girl lay prone, her arms about the feet of an image of the Virgin. A man bent with his head thrust into a basin from which the water had evaporated. A child held a doll in her arms; when someone touched the doll, it crumbled away except for its china eyes.

A clerk sat at his desk, one hand supporting his chin, the other grasping a pen. In one home a girl in her bathrobe leaned back in a rocking chair. Behind her stood a Negro servant who apparently had been combing the girl's hair. Near-by lay the body of a woman, beautiful as a Greek statue, and—like many an antique statue—headless.

The devastation was searched in vain for survivors. Then, four days after the catastrophe, two Negroes walking through the wreckage heard faint cries issuing from the depths of the earth. "Who's that?" they shouted. "Where are you?"

Up floated the feeble voice: "I'm down here in the dungeon of the jail. Help! Get me out!"

They dug through the debris, broke open the dungeon door, and released Auguste Ciparis, the Negro criminal. One who lived where 40,000 died! History records no escape more marvelous . . .

Begin with "F" (Answers to quiz on page 133.)

Key: 1. Fable, fiction, falsehood, falsification, fabrication, or fairy tale; 2. Fetch; 3. Finish, finis, finale, foot, or final; 4. Finance; 5. First, foremost, or front; 6. Fast or fleet; 7. Flog or flay; 8. Forbid; 9. Foretell, forebode, forewarn, or foresee; 10. Foreign, fantastic, fabulous, or far-fetched; 11. Faith, fidelity, or fealty; 12. Frank or fair; 13. Free; 14. Fury, fume, foam, or frenzy; 15. Firm, forceful, or fixed; 16. Fret; 17. Fairy or fay; 18. Forfeit; 19. Factual or faithful; 20. Foil, frustrate, or fool; 21. Fierce, ferocious, or fiery; 22. Fluctuate, flux, or fickleness; 23. Felon, felonious, flagitious, or flagrant; 24. Flourish.

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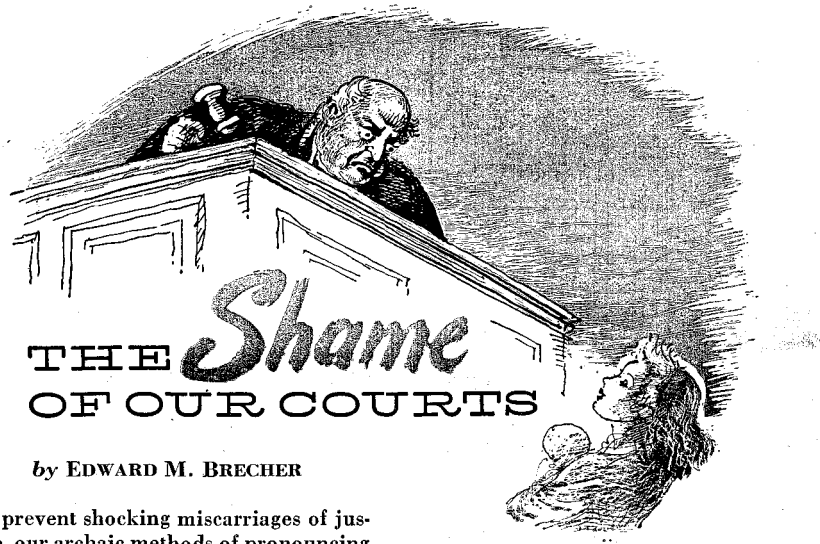

THE Shame OF OUR COURTS

by EDWARD M. BRECHER

To prevent shocking miscarriages of justice, our archaic methods of pronouncing sentence need to be drastically reformed

ILLUSTRATED BY REGINALD MARSH

IF YOU ARE HALED into court some day and found guilty of parking too near a hydrant, or fishing without a license, or any other offense up to and including murder in the first degree, you had better pray for a gentle judge who enjoyed his breakfast the morning he sentences you. For the penalty you receive may depend not on the offense you have committed, and not on your own character or circumstances, but on the personality of the judge and how he happens to feel at the moment of sentencing.

Mrs. Lillian Gilyard, 38-year-old mother, was convicted in a Philadelphia court a few days before Christmas, 1949. Mrs. Gilyard had eked out her relief allowance to the extent of about $5 a week by doing housework and working as a waitress. For failure to report these earnings so that they could be deducted from relief checks, the judge sentenced her to four months in county prison. In her arms was her seven-month-old baby.

"What shall I do with the baby?" asked the deputy sheriff.

"Send him with her," replied the judge.

During a trial, the judge is bound by strict rules which prescribe what he must and must not do. But when the moment to pronounce sentence arrives, he has almost unlimited discretion. He may let off an offender like Mrs. Gilyard with a warning and a suspended sentence —or send her to prison for the maximum term. In the Philadelphia case, public anger rose to such a pitch that the judge had to seek police protection.

As Federal Judge Theodore Levin of Michigan has pointed out, "It is common knowledge that one judge is lenient and another is harsh," and that "the sentence re-

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ceived by the defendant often is dependent upon the judge's *mood* at the moment."

Sentence may also depend on the judge's hunch that you are an innocent victim of circumstances who deserves to be "let off easy," or a deep-dyed villain who deserves to be locked up.

A classic instance of the tragic inconsistency of our methods of sentencing is cited by former Gov. Paul V. McNutt of Indiana. Two young men, one a professional criminal who had already served a prison sentence and the other with a comparatively clean record, were convicted of robbery together. The judge let the hardened criminal off with a relatively mild sentence, but, for reasons unknown, sent the lesser offender to prison for a term of from ten to twenty years.

The latter spent his term brooding over the obvious unfairness of his sentence, and came out of prison an embittered, ruthless Public Enemy No. 1—John Dillinger.

WHAT ARE THE CAUSES of such wide disparities of sentence? A part of the evil is written into the very structure of our laws. In Georgia, for example, the crime of seduction may be punished by 20 years in prison. Yet, in many states, seduction is not a crime at all. The penalty for adultery ranges from a $10 fine in Maryland to five years' imprisonment plus a $1,000 fine in Vermont.

Federal judges enforce a uniform Federal criminal code throughout the country. But even where the laws are uniform, sentences vary capriciously. Judge John J. Parker, Chief Judge of the U. S. Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit, points out the reason for this:

"There is a lack of sufficient knowledge on the part of the sentencing judge. No judge, however learned, however wise, can acquire in the short period he devotes to sentencing, sufficient knowledge of the defendant and his surroundings to be sure that he imposes the sort of sentence that is best."

Even the rare judge who has the necessary experience, knowledge, and human understanding is likely to exercise his wisdom only on rare occasions. *He is too busy.*

During a typical year, one judge was called upon to sentence 1,012 defendants in a court term which lasted 158 days. Thus he had to pronounce an average of six sentences a day throughout the year!

Or, as Judge Bolitha J. Laws, Chief Judge, U. S. District Court for the District of Columbia, put it: "On Friday of this week, I have 17 sentences to impose. It will be hard for me to make a complete approximation of these 17 men. Many of them have pleaded guilty before me. I have spent no time with them; I have seen some for 30 seconds, perhaps. I have to pass upon a matter which affects their entire career, using a short report of a probation officer obtained within a week, which is totally inadequate."

Neither the judges nor the general public have any consistent philosophy of sentencing. Sometimes a sentence is based simply on the primitive instinct for revenge. An angry judge, his passions stirred by some aspect of the case, "throws the book" at an offender to "give him what he deserves."

In calmer moments, a judge may

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give a long sentence on the isolation theory—the notion that an offender should be put away for a long time where he can do no further harm. A third theory is deterrence—the view that a sentence should be harsh enough to deter the offender from repeating, and to deter others from following in his footsteps.

Finally, there is the theory urged by most modern students of criminology—that sentencing should have chiefly in mind the reform of the offender. However, in this instance, there is the awesome task of predicting in advance just how long reform will take.

Suppose you are a judge, and that you have decided to send a defendant to the state penitentiary. If you make his sentence three months, will a dangerous criminal be loosed upon society unreformed? If you decide on 20 years, will a fully reformed offender, his rehabilitation completed far sooner than that, rot in prison for an unnecessary decade?

With a human destiny resting entirely in your hands, you decide on a compromise between these two extremes—a term in the neighborhood of ten years. But now another doubt assails you. Will nine years prove too short a sentence, or 11 years too long?

To ease this problem, of course, there are parole boards empowered to release most—not all—offenders before their full term has been served. Also, many states now permit "indeterminate sentences." In these states, instead of guessing in advance that a prisoner requires exactly ten years for reform, the judge can give a sentence reading "not less than one nor more than 15 years," or some other range from minimum to maximum. It is then up to the parole board, presumably an expert body in possession of all the facts, to determine when the purpose of the sentence has been accomplished.

The indeterminate sentence looks like a humane and intelligent step in the right direction. But judges can readily defeat its purpose by giving an offender "not less than 29 nor more than 30 years," or some other term which is indeterminate in form but rigid in fact.

CREDIT FOR PROPOSING the reform which strikes most squarely at the heart of our sentencing scandals should go to the late Alfred E. Smith. As Governor of New York State, he urged the Legislature to take sentencing out of the hands of the judges altogether and turn the task over to a sentencing board composed of experts who could devote their full time to selecting the proper penalties.

A modified version of Smith's proposal was advanced by Judge Horace Stern of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court. Stern would let the judges participate on a sentencing board composed also of a physician, a psychologist, a social worker, and a layman selected for his ordinary common sense. Says Judge Stern:

"Instead of trying to guess how long it will take to cure the man, this board should sentence him until, in their observation, he is ready to be released. If that is six months, or never, that is all right."

Recently, five states have taken a modest step in the direction urged by Smith and Stern. These steps resulted from a report on "youthful

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offenders" made by the American Law Institute in 1940, after a two-year study. The Institute, shocked by the folly of our present methods of sentencing, recommended that each state set up a "Youth Correction Authority" to which all youthful offenders could be committed following a determination of guilt. This board of experts would then, on the basis of a full study of the offender and his background, determine the type of treatment likely to achieve reform.

Backed by the prestige of the American Law Institute, "Youth Correction Authorities" have been set up—though in modified form—by California, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Massachusetts, and Texas. Similar proposals are pending in a number of other state legislatures, and—for Federal offenders—in Congress. Preliminary reports from states which have tried the plan indicate that, within its limitations, it is proving a very successful idea.

Numerous objections have been raised against sentencing boards. But even those who believe most strongly that sentencing should be left in the hands of the judges agree that the present system must be reformed promptly. Some of these reforms will increase the cost of administering justice, at least in the beginning. However, they point to savings which will result from fewer crimes committed by unreformed offenders released too soon, as well as savings in the cost of keeping men in prison long after they should have been released.

But they warn that if the present system is not improved in major respects, incidents like the Philadelphia sentencing of a mother and baby to jail for a petty offense will continue to occur, and the public will sooner or later rise in wrath to demand the abolition of sentencing by judges altogether.

Auto-intelligence

When a woman driver gives you more than half the road, chances are she's walking. —FRANKLIN P. JONES

Shifting for oneself is considered a virtue by everybody except automobile designers. —*Wall Street Journal*

What we need is an automobile brake that will get tight when the driver does. —ANDREW MEREDITH

A driver may be color blind but he can still tell which is the green light; it's the one that's on such a short time. —RICHARD ARMOUR

A pessimist is a woman driver who's sure she can't park her car in a tight place. An optimist is a man who thinks she won't try. —BILL BERTOLOTTI (quoted by Earl Wilson)

Putting motors in the rear will concentrate all of the noise in the back seat. —*Bluebird Briefs*

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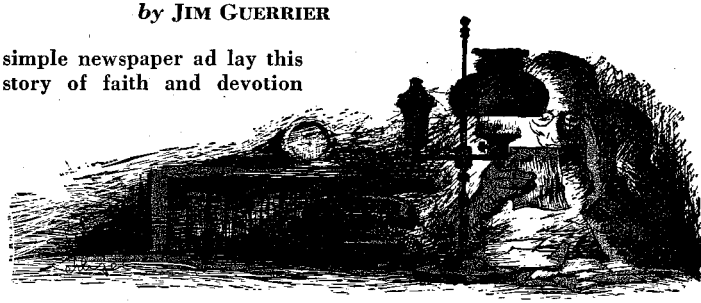
A Doctor's Final Wish

by JIM GUERRIER

Behind a simple newspaper ad lay this poignant story of faith and devotion



WHEN AT LAST he won his medical degree and, in 1913, became company doctor at the smelter in Great Falls, Montana, Lee Roy MacBurney thought he was finished with waiting. Throughout his childhood he had impatiently marked time until the day he would be a physician. But now came more waiting—waiting to open his own practice while he worked to repay the money he had borrowed for his schooling, waiting while he saved so he could marry.

As he grew older, the waiting of his youth became the pattern of his marriage. Even on her wedding night, Mrs. MacBurney saw her husband called away into the mountains on an emergency case. Anxiously she waited, just as she was to wait so many lonely nights in years to come. And together, too, they waited, first for children that never came, then to fulfill a dream of rest and travel.

But there never seemed to be enough money for the long trip they planned. Though Dr. MacBurney spent his days—and often his nights—tending the sick, patients were slow in paying and he would not dun them; he always managed to find excuses for their negligence or delay. Nevertheless, the couple saved what little they could toward the day when the Doctor might be able to retire.

The years sped by with bewildering haste, and finally the dream of the vacation trip glowed bright. There would be a new car. They would drive to Kentucky for the Derby, down to Florida for the sunshine, up the East Coast through scenes rich with history, then back through Canada to the West they had so long called home.

In 1950, they were at last ready for the great adventure. Then, suddenly, Mrs. MacBurney fell ill. The gray-haired doctor had to sit on the side lines while others examined his wife, and when they came to tell him, he could read the fearful verdict in their faces. Malignant tumor! They tried surgery, but Mrs. MacBurney died in September.

Even before her death, Dr. MacBurney heard for a second time the grim words "malignant tumor," and they must have seemed the echo of his grief. This time it was he who was marked for death. His col-

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leagues and friends gave him little more than six months to live.

Preparing for the end, Dr. MacBurney cleared up his records. Here were the bills his patients had never paid, reminding him of the dream trip they could have paid for. From another man they might have called forth bitter thoughts, but not from Dr. MacBurney. For the names on the bills represented people—his friends and neighbors of a lifetime.

He had brought them into the world, tended them in illness, eased them in death. And their trust and need had furnished a rich and satisfying purpose to his life.

Since that life was fast coming to an end, it seemed only right that these bills should end with it. And so on Christmas Day, puzzled but grateful readers of the Great Falls *Tribune* pondered this simple ad:

"I have canceled and burned all notes, records and accounts due me over 39 years. Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, Lee Roy MacBurney, M.D."

Lady's Aid

WHILE ON A European lecture tour, Mark Twain called on his old friend, Captain Cook, U.S. Consul at Frankfort, Germany, and found that worthy gentleman packing up his personal belongings and preparing to depart. A Democratic President, it seemed, was taking office, and Cook, who was a Republican, was being forced to relinquish his consular post to a deserving Democrat.

"That's an outrage!" Twain protested. "I'll have to do something about it."

That night he sat down and penned the following communication to Ruth Cleveland, the President's daughter:

"My dear Ruth: I belong to the Mugwumps, and one of the sacred rules of our order prevents me from asking favors of government officials; but there is no harm in writing a friendly letter to you in order to let you know about a great injustice that is about to be committed by your father in turning out of office the best consul I know just because he is a Republican, and a Democrat wants his place."

He then outlined Captain Cook's fine record and concluded: "I can't send any message to the President, but the next time you have a talk with him I wish you would tell him about Captain Cook and what I think of a government that so treats its efficient officials."

A few weeks later Twain received a note in the President's handwriting. It read:

"Miss Ruth Cleveland begs to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Twain's letter, and to say she took the liberty of reading it to the President, who desires her to thank Mr. Twain for his information and to assure him that Captain Cook will not be disturbed at the Frankfort consulate."

To anyone who might wonder why Miss Cleveland didn't write the message herself, it should be explained that, at the time, the young lady was only one year old!

—PHILLIP MUIR

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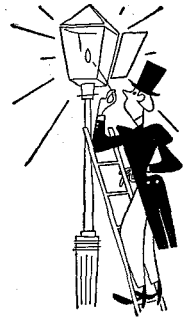
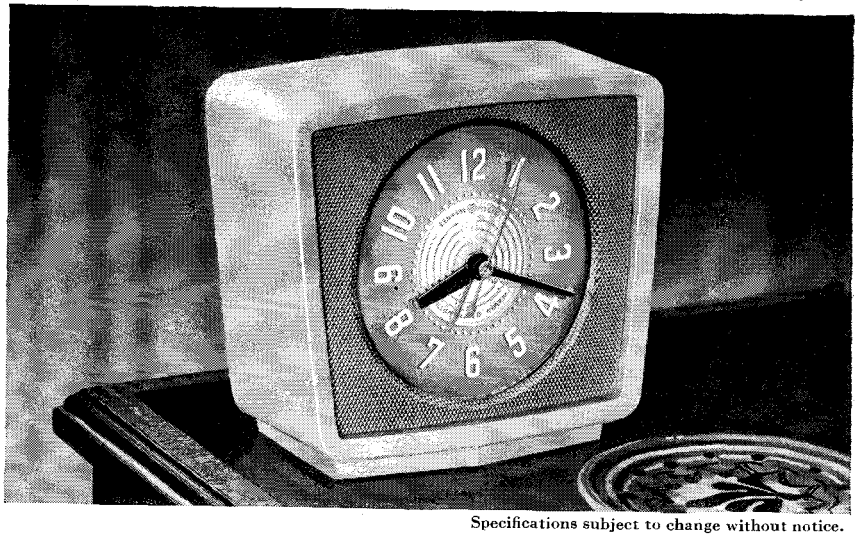
Pleasant glow all night long!



...the General Electric Lumalarm—
the electric alarm clock
with the illuminated edge-lit dial!



Specifications subject to change without notice.

This G-E Lumalarm casts a soft, pleasant glow *all* night long, chases gloom. Its gentle alarm wakes you pleasantly.

Note the beautiful ivory-plastic case and its smart modern design.

G-E Clocks are so inexpensive you'll want one for every room. Wonderful *gift* idea, too!

Remember, too, these wonderful advantages: 1. No winding. 2. Quiet. 3. Dependable. 4. Accurate.

Why wind a clock today? Get a General Electric Clock and forget it!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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TALK YOUR WAY TO SUCCESS!

by HENRY LEE

The ability to face an audience with self-confidence is an invaluable asset to anyone

IF YOU ARE ever in Oklahoma City, chances are you will meet—or hear—Ralph R. Gfeller, a pleasant, silver-haired, silver-tongued business executive who is extremely active in community projects.

As state manager for a farmers' casualty insurance company, he administers some 35,000 policies; moreover, he is constantly sought out as a radio speaker, banquet toastmaster, and m.c. for more casual affairs. Listen to his poised, succinct delivery and you say wistfully to yourself, "Why is it that some fellows are *born* public speakers?"

That's not the way Gfeller remembers it! Until he decided to conquer his shyness, here is how he felt whenever called upon to stand up before an audience: "Chilblains attacked my spine, my eyeballs burned, my hands dripped, my heart slipped—even my toes twitched!"

Then he took an inexpensive course in public speaking, and soon he *was* standing up before audiences and talking easily and forcefully. What's more, he found himself making more friends and enlarging the scope of his activities.

This stimulating instance of a retiring man who overcame fear and literally talked his way to success is by no means an isolated case. All over the country, public-speaking schools are practically hanging up SRO signs. Where only a quarter-century ago the polished speaker was almost a rarity, now he is found in the smallest town, participating in all sorts of affairs.

This was driven home with embarrassing emphasis last summer when a successful businessman visited a Midwestern community for the annual family reunion of his wife's relatives. With his big car, well-tailored clothes, and obvious air of success, he was quickly accepted at face value by his in-laws.

"Then it happened," he told me mournfully. "One after another, these local people stood up after dinner and told of their past year's

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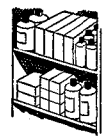
HISTORY of TAMPAX

Tampax not only *has* a history. It has *made* history. Young as this product is, it has revised and revolutionized the whole idea of monthly sanitary hygiene. *Sales have mounted to the billions.*

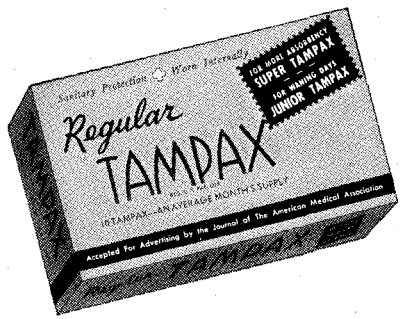
Tampax back in the beginning . . . was designed by a physician to relieve women of such nuisances as belts, pins, external pads. He solved the problem with *Tampax*—small, neat, easily disposable. Made of pure absorbent cotton in slender patented applicators.

Tampax in the women's colleges . . . has gained favor rapidly. Active modern girls welcome its compactness (month's supply goes in purse) and the social serenity Tampax brings—no bulges or ridges to show with sport clothes or formals.

Tampax spreads to other lands . . . yes, more than 75 countries—mountainous, sea-level, tropical. Especially popular in hot, sticky climates, for Tampax causes no odor, cannot chafe or bind. In fact, wearer does not feel it when in place.



Tampax at drug and notion counters . . . with choice of 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) to suit individual needs. Remember you cannot even *feel* the Tampax while wearing it! Look for Tampax vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

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activities, simply and entertainingly. Then the master of ceremonies delivered a speech of introduction about the main speaker. Suddenly I realized he was introducing *me!*

"I gulped, I hemmed, I hawed. Oh, it wasn't a social disaster, but those people needed about 30 seconds to recover from their surprise before they politely applauded."

Recently this man completed a speaking course. "It's given me self-confidence," he says. "I think it will be important in business, because I've reached the point where I will have to speak before legislative and consumer groups." Then he adds with a grin: "But the important thing, of course, is that we're going back to next year's family reunion."

Among both "big" and "little" businessmen, many frankly attribute the turning point in their success to such a course. At 57, the late John Daly, president of the Regal Shoe Company, gamely went into a class with ambitious younger persons. He said afterwards: "If I were without the confidence that I feel now, I would gladly pay a small fortune to acquire it."

Or take Nicholas Le Petri, successful Broadway merchant, who was afraid to speak up at important trade meetings because he hadn't finished grade school and feared his English would betray him. He, too, enrolled in a public-speaking course and, before it was half-completed, "had the brass" to address an audience of more than 500 businessmen.

"I was congratulated by men I had never dared speak to before," he says. "Several people asked me why I didn't attend the meetings more often. I *had* been attending them every month for seven years! But I made more friends by that one five-minute talk than by attending more than 80 meetings—and saying nothing."

For 13 years, Gilbert Kunz was an efficient but, he thought, forgotten minor executive in the Sears, Roebuck organization. The incident that jolted him into taking a public-speaking course was a sports-night banquet. He was called on unexpectedly to pinch-hit for a speaker, and all he could do was stammer a few words and sit down.

After his course, he had an opportunity to talk at a Sears regional meeting attended by a top executive from the Chicago home office. When he had finished a short but forceful presentation of a business problem, the executive asked curiously: "Where have you been in our organization?"

With recognition, promotions quickly followed for Kunz and he was transferred first to Chicago, then to Allentown, Pa. Today he is retail sales manager of sporting goods for Sears.

The success stories are endless. Lee Bickmore, a salesman, studied speaking at night and wound up as vice-president in charge of sales for the National Biscuit Company . . . Theodore R. McKeldin couldn't get his ideas across to large audiences until he enrolled in a speaking class—and then went on to become Mayor of Baltimore and, today, Governor of Maryland . . . For several months, Wilson B. McCandless, president of an Ohio tire company, regularly left his home every Sunday night to attend Monday classes in New York, and didn't get back to his desk until Tuesday afternoon.

"I wouldn't take $10,000 for what

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I got out of that course," he says.

The lesson has not been lost on personnel and sales executives interested in company-wide betterment. For example, Prudential Insurance Company has given its home-office employees an opportunity to take a course in public speaking at reduced rates. General Motors has launched a similar program after tests in Detroit, Pontiac, Flint, and Saginaw. Eventually, it is expected, all 80,000 GM supervisors and other salaried employees will be offered the same training.

In fact, the list of companies cooperating to make better talkers out of their workers ranges from breweries to gasworks, telephone companies to banks, coal yards to surgical manufacturers.

IF, FOR BUSINESS or personal reasons, you want to learn the rudiments of public speaking, you can do it without too much effort. Here is the boiled-down advice I received from the experts:

First, don't worry too much about stage fright, your grammar, or your vocabulary. Everybody is frightened at first, and some experienced speakers never get over their nervousness entirely. But, like good soldiers, they learn to control their feelings. If you have had ordinary schooling, your English will be adequate, since the days of sonorous oratory are long since gone.

Second, make your talk simple, meaty, and enthusiastic. If you speak about things you know—preferably incidents from your own life or business—present your material in such a way that it will offer interesting and constructive advice.

Third, start with a direct, provocative statement of your theme, develop your argument factually and anecdotally, reach the conclusion at which the entire talk has been pointed—and sit down.

The easiest way to develop your speaking powers is by joining a class. Most famous is the Dale Carnegie Course, now available in 300 U. S. cities, and in Canada, Hawaii, Switzerland, and Norway. In these classes, instructors instill confidence by quoting Carnegie's favorite maxim from Emerson: "Do the thing you fear and the death of fear is certain."

There, in essence, is the compelling reason why all of us should force ourselves to public speaking—not to court applause or material gain but to develop the habit of courage by facing down fear. What we may later obtain—more friends, more fun, and perhaps more money—are the incidental rewards for this building of character.

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Why more and more people say:

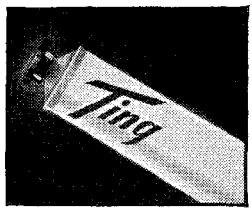
"TING® for FOOT ITCH"

The amazing story of a new "dry" treatment for itchy, peeling toes or Athlete's Foot!

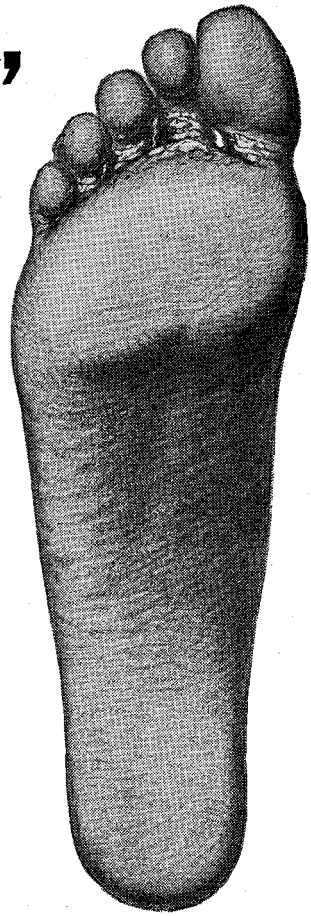
1. **USED** in hospitals for Athlete's Foot. TING has only been released nationally a few months, yet . . .

2. **TODAY THOUSANDS USE TING!** Guaranteed TING *must satisfy you in one week* —or money back! It's greaseless, stainless!

3. **IN LAB TESTS** sensational TING has proved effective in killing specific types of fungi *on 60 second contact!*



4. **APPLIED REGULARLY,** TING helps relieve itching and burning of cracked, peeling toes, aids healing amazingly!



Even if other products have failed, try TING today! Easily applied as a cream, TING dries in seconds to a fine powder. Fungicidal. Germicidal. A real treatment for Foot Itch or Athlete's Foot! All druggists.

ONLY 60¢
LARGE ECONOMY SIZE $1.00

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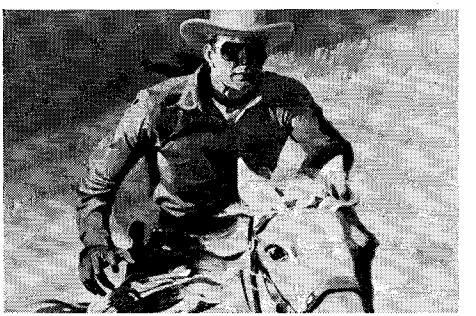
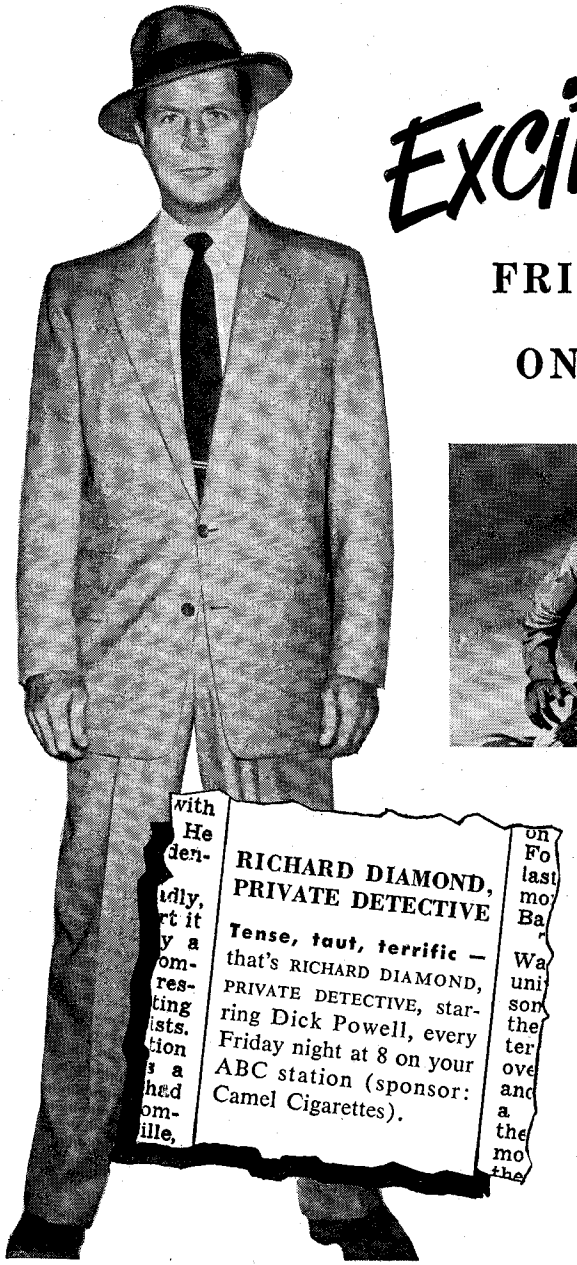
Exciting!

FRIDAY NIGHT ON ABC!



7:30 pm. For action, tune in *The Lone Ranger* on ABC every Friday. It's the most exciting night in radio! *(General Mills, American Bakeries)*


RICHARD DIAMOND, PRIVATE DETECTIVE
Tense, taut, terrific — that's RICHARD DIAMOND, PRIVATE DETECTIVE, starring Dick Powell, every Friday night at 8 on your ABC station (sponsor: Camel Cigarettes).

All times listed are Eastern Daylight. In other zones, consult your newspaper.

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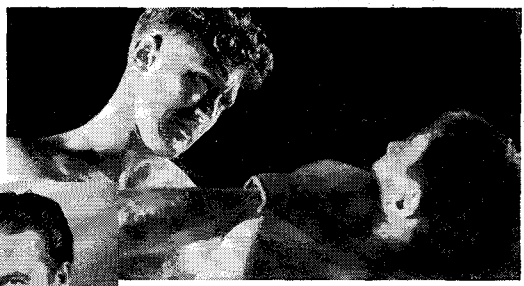
8:30 pm. This is Your FBI — authentic crime-does-not-pay dramas, from FBI files! Jerry Devine is producer *(Equitable Life).*

9 pm. A Life in Your Hands, suspenseful court room drama by Erle Stanley Gardner, famous mystery writer, stars Lee Bowman as "Jonathan Kegg," *Amicus Curiae* — friend of the court. *(H. J. Heinz Co.)*

9:30 pm. The Sheriff battles *crime* — with *latest* scientific methods! *New* thrills in the *new* West!



10 pm. Fight night! *Cavalcade of Sports,* with Bill Corum and Don Dunphy, brings you the biggest bouts in boxing *(Gillette).*

9:55 pm. Take 5 minutes for *Champion Roll Call,* a rapid roundup of sports news by Harry Wismer *(Champion Spark Plugs).*

Listen to ABC

American Broadcasting Company

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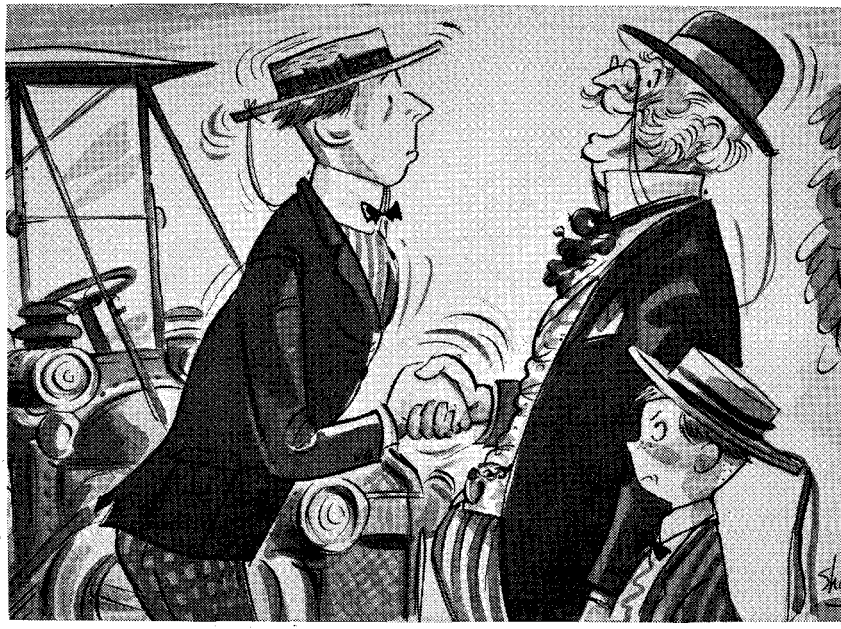

WAS GRANDPA CORNY?

When I was young, grandpa was so embarrassing.

If anyone questioned his pet brands, he'd take it as a personal insult.

Once, when an old crony made some slurring remarks about grandpa's favorite brand of pipe tobacco, he refused to speak to the man for two years.

But he was most embarrassing about that car of his. He'd bought it back in 1919 . . . and from that day on, he took full credit for everything about it.

Whenever he saw another car of the same make, he'd go up to the owner like the fellow was a long-lost brother. He'd button-hole perfect strangers, and practically kiss 'em!

To a small boy it was agony . . . could anything be *cornier?*

As I grew older, I began to see that having brand names you could look for and *trust,* wasn't a bad idea at that.

Whenever you buy—

demand the brand you want

Maybe it is "corny" to think of familiar brands as old friends . . .

But it's good to know exactly what you're getting. It's reassuring to realize that most manufacturers of brand name products spend money for research and quality control to make their brands live up to their name.

They know the best way to make money is to make *friends*!

Every day thousands of these brands are fiercely competing for your friendship . . . trying to give you *more and more value and quality.*

If value, and better products, and better living are "corn," let's have more of it.

As you study the ads in these pages, remember . . . brand names are names of friends you can *count on!*

Brand Names Foundation
INCORPORATED
A non-profit educational foundation
37 WEST 57 STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

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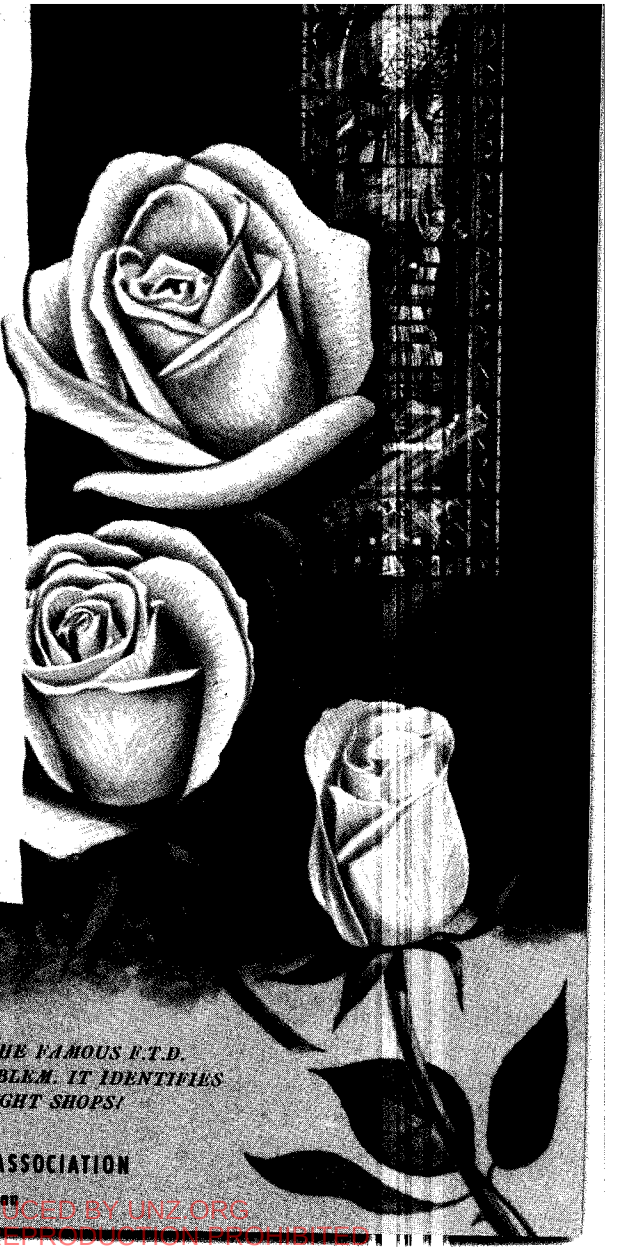
Symbol of HOPE

• FLOWERS express man's hope for everlasting peace. Their delicate beauty and fragrance shut out doubt and darkness by symbolizing the love we hold for those we've lost.

And, because we love, we grieve. But, because we have faith, we look forward to immortality. To our soul's unspoken question on these solemn occasions, flowers whisper comfortingly, "Hope!"

Because . . . like life . . . flowers flourish and fade. But there is something in their vital beauty that cannot wholly perish.

When you can't be there with those who grieve, Flowers-By-Wire carry your sympathy across the miles.



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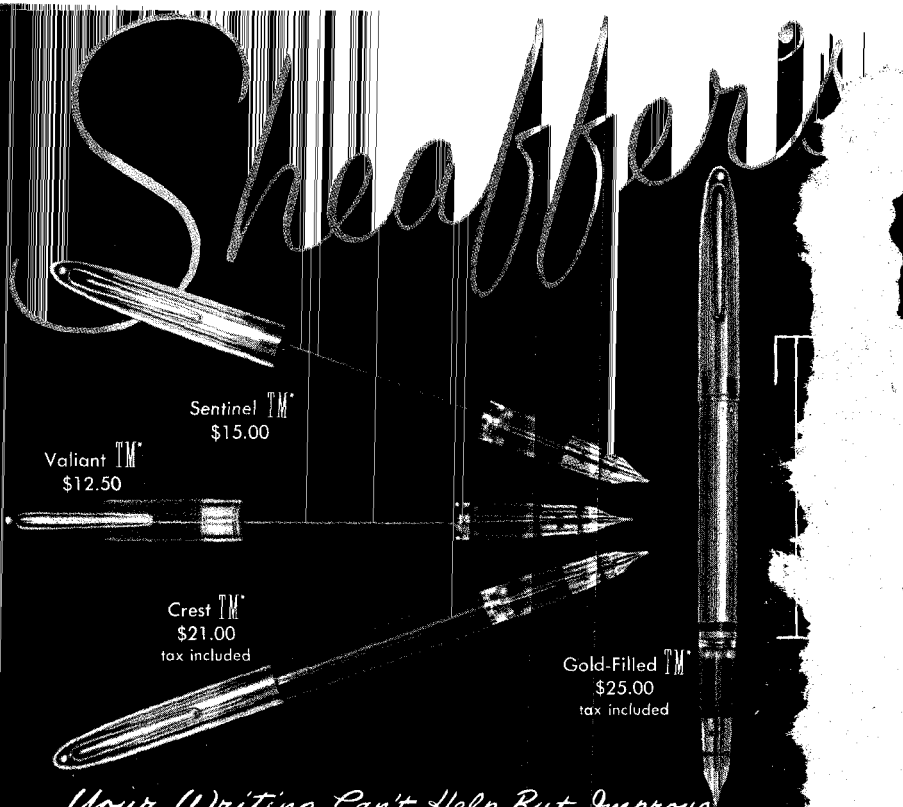

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and watch the level in
go down as your pen fil*

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